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ALICE HUGHES.

LADY SYBIL PHIPPS

104, Ebury Street, S.W.

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LABOUR FALLACIES

IT is very difficult to suggest how to get wider and clearer thinking into the minds of the Labour Leaders. Yet that they are under certain illusions and misconceptions is apparent to every thoughtful mind. In saying that we are far from wishing to undervalue them in any way. On the contrary it seems to us that Labour is honest and patriotic in intention. It came well out of the war and it is impossible to doubt the sincerity of those who are advocating claims which do not appear reasonable to reasonable people. But there is one point which the Labour Leader does not comprehend. It is that in the long and the last the prosperity of a country depends upon its productivity. In all the theories that they formulate and the aspirations they profess, no account is taken of this elemental fact. The miner is perfectly honest in his contention that he is doing good to his mates when he advocates shorter working hours on the ground that by limiting production he is giving more people a share of the work. If he could formulate his belief, it would be that there is a fixed quantity of labour to be done and a fixed amount to be spent in wages, and that consequently, if you have long hours and increased production, you must also have good wages for the few and unemployment for the many. Now, every student of political economy knows that this is very bad reasoning. Nothing

stands still in this world. If trade does not increase it will diminish, and the more trade there is there must be more work. The argument appears to be so plain that one does not know how to simplify it further. Yet, the fact remains that the Labour Leader goes on saying that the way to give everybody a share of wages is to limit the output per man. Probably this is a sort of aftermath of the war. It was believed when war broke out that the expenditure would involve bankruptcy of all the nations engaged in it. But to the mere superficial eye the reverse of the process has been observed. Labour never before was so prosperous as during the war. It became a scarce commodity and therefore was in great demand. It was necessary, and so was highly paid. Men and women working in munition factories must have been astonished at the wages they received. And, again, the eye that only noticed the surface, observed no sign of famine or even of want. There seemed a task for every pair of hands. Loafers and tramps and ne'er-do-wells vanished from the land. Although food rose in price, working people had always the money to pay for it. Here, to all appearances was high prosperity. The worker did not realise that he was enjoying all these good things on credit. It was not his own credit and there was no need for him to go into debt, so the most independent did not feel at all in the position of borrowers. Yet it was neither more nor less than borrowing, because he was a member of the State and the State borrowed on security of which his work was part.

If we ask what was the economic result of the war, it is surely obvious that the answer is "smoke." Munitions, for the making of which men and women were so highly paid, were either blown away or have become valueless. That is true of all the big guns, armaments, the huge men-o'-war, the aeroplanes, airships and the adjuncts of modern war. When war ceased their value diminished very nearly to zero. Here, then, is loss enough to account for a vast proportion of the National Debt. But the same thing might be said of the expenses incurred in enlisting, training and equipping an army of soldiers and sailors. Of course, we quite understand that the gain by beating the foe was commensurate with the outlay—at least it might be so, but that depends wholly upon the wisdom with which the victory is handled and the intelligence which is brought to bear on the problem of making the most of the new opportunities that war has opened up.

Society is endangered, and its salvation depends wholly upon work. Unless there is increased productivity, the loss will be a burden heavy enough to sink and destroy the country. In this light should be considered such problems as are being daily discussed, such as the nationalisation of mines and the nationalisation of railways. What we have to ask about the mines is, would a national administration produce more coal or not? If it would not, then there is an end of the matter. To draw an analogy between the Post Office and the mines is obviously silly. The Post Office is an organisation for the collection and distribution of letters. The officials need not concern themselves in the slightest about inducing people to write or send letters. All they concern themselves with is the transport of these missives when they are brought into being. But if mines are going to be worked to the utmost the owner must do the same as those who own other businesses, that is to say, tout for orders. One cannot imagine Government officials doing this with any efficiency worth speaking about. It is the same with railways. Railway traffic does not expand merely by the wishes of people to travel themselves or to send goods. On the contrary, it is the railway company out for earning dividends that finds out the new conveniences which the public can buy, advertises and impresses them on the imagination. If Mr. Smillie has ever weighed these considerations, he has given no evidence thereof in his cross-examination of witnesses summoned before the Railway Commission and the Coal Commission.

Our Frontispiece

WE print as frontispiece to this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE a portrait of Lady Sybil Phipps, before her marriage Lady Sybil Scott, who is the second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and was married on May 14th to Mr. C. B. H. Phipps.

* * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



MR. FITZ HERBERT WRIGHT has found very forcible language in which to express his dislike, to give it no harder name, of the Government hesitation in declaring an agricultural policy. He thinks it absurd to meddle with the Board of Agriculture or to appoint a Commission until statesmen have fixed upon the line of policy which they are going to pursue. This is all very well, but Mr. Fitz Herbert Wright would get nearer the heart of his subject if he would substitute for the word "policy" the alternatives before the Government. Statesmen, from the Prime Minister downwards, are committed to two principles. One is the maintenance of a high rate of wages for the labourers and the other is an increased production on the part of the farmer. But the farmer cannot reasonably be expected to extend his operations unless he sees how expenses are to be met. His position exposes him to the competition of all the wheat-growing countries in the world, countries that have neither his rent, nor his taxes, nor his tithes, nor his labour bill to pay. There are only two methods by which the necessary support can be extended to him—Import Duty or Bounties. In principle they are not diverse, but one and the same thing. In operation they work out rather differently, the chief point of difference being that the exporter would pay the import duty to the British Government in the one case and in the other the Government would pay the British farmer the difference between the price obtainable on the market for his produce and that which is fixed upon as necessary to enable him to pay his labourers and have a little profit over for himself. The straightforward way is undoubtedly to put on a duty, but legislators are afraid of doing it because of the cry that would arise from the Industrialists about food taxing. The other method is going to cost the State a good deal of money when it can ill afford it. Probably the better plan would be to fix at once and decisively on an import duty and at the same time take some trouble to explain to the working classes the advantage of doing so. An energetic propaganda for this purpose is most urgently needed.

AN anonymous writer in the *Times* makes some comments on the new Death Duties which may not absolutely settle the question, but ought to provoke thought among those who talk glibly of its being an easy and convenient way of providing revenue. To hear the talk of Socialists is to see that they regard the wealth of a modern millionaire much as they would have done that of a potentate of old who stored his specie in a treasure house where alike "moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal." But the truth of the parable may shine as true as ever though the illustration has lost its force. Many of us have met millionaires who, at the moment, literally had not a five pound note in their possession. The more active and enterprising they are the more likely is this to occur, because instead of storing their wealth they invest it. Now, investment means that wealth is producing wealth, not only for the owner, but for the country at large. The State, as a matter of fact, claims at the present moment over half of its profits, if to Income Tax the value of other imposts is added. Now, supposing a millionaire to die and the State to step in and take half of his wealth in order to meet the expenses of Government, what is the economic effect? It is very probable that this £500,000 will have to be raised by the heir's selling of industrial securities to that extent. We can quite understand that very little sympathy would be felt anyway for a man who inherited half a million instead of a whole million, but whether it is good housekeeping on the part of the State to call up its capital on which it is drawing an enormous rate of interest—more than 50 per cent.—and using that for the ordinary expenses of the establishment is a question to which we should

like to hear what answer Mr. Smillie and men of his kidney can produce.

ON Saturday the Food Controller reminded a deputation of Yorkshire farmers that for a number of years living is going to be harder all round than it was before the war. He was referring especially to high prices. But these high prices will not have existed in vain if they induce enquiry into wasteful and unnecessary expenditure. The railway system is a case in point. Nobody understands how it happened that the Government made a loss of £100,000,000 a year. No investigation and no analysis of accounts have been given in explanation of this colossal deficit. It may have been due to the abnormal conditions, but even if that is so, it would be of the greatest value to have an investigation. There are many people who hold that railway management offers the most wonderful field for financial reform. If the actual cost of hauling a ton weight from, say, Sheffield to London can be measured in pence, it seems absurd that the additional cost in the way of terminal and other charges should swell the recipient's bill into pounds. If thorough enquiry were made into railway accounts, it would disclose ways of saving that might go far to tide us over the expenses of the war.

MORNING STREET.

As I was going down Morning Street
In the first sweet hour of day,
Oh whom but my love should I chance to meet,
In the midst of Sunshine Way.

Her hair had the colour of reddening wheat,
And her eyes of the bluebells gay,
And her hands were full of the garlands sweet
She had pulled from the lap of May.

And we went together down Morning Street,
Over the hills and away,
To the land where the spring and the summer meet,
And the heart keeps young for aye.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

THOSE who saw Sir John MacDonald in London a few weeks ago must have been intensely surprised at his sudden death, which took place at the end of last week. Although a little bent with the burden of more than four score years, he was still active and alert and as full of wit as usual. But he took to his bed after going home, and a week later died of heart disease. He cut a remarkable figure in Scotland during the greater part of his long life. He just touched greatness on many points, but never established a really predominant fame. As a lawyer he advanced from success to success, held several sheriffships, was in turn Solicitor-General for Scotland, Lord Advocate and, between the years 1888 and 1915, was Lord Chief Justice Clerk of Scotland and Lord President of the Second Division of the Court of Session. But Law did not by any means absorb the whole of his energy. He was a voluminous author, cloaking his identity at one time under the name of Jacques Jambon. Inventions of all kinds interested him, from guns to motor cars. In his old age he showed the liveliest interest in the development of flying. He was also one of the most capable of amateur soldiers. Early in life he took up the Volunteer movement and went into it with his whole heart. In fact, he was one of those who literally obeyed the command "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do do it with all thy might," and with it all he was one of the kindest of men and the most faithful of friends.

MR. JOHN C. VAN DER VEER has, on a question of Germany's ability to pay for the war, brought a Daniel to judgment with a vengeance in the shape of a Dutch author, who devoted a portion of his time during the war to writing a book called "Scraps of Paper" in mockery of the English use of that phrase. It is described as "an anti-English and pro-German book." But the main feature is a statement showing the relative wealth of Germany, France and England. To save space we will give these figures in millions. Annually the German production of grain is 25, compared with England's 6 and France's 16. Here the writer agrees roughly with British figures. Potato production is in the relative figures: Germany 54, England 6, France 16. The wealth of the three countries, worked out in marks, was in proportion: Germany 375, England 345, France 245. These, of course, are

thousands of millions of marks. The annual income of Germany 43, England 35, France 25. The deposit per head at the Savings Banks in marks: Germany 800, England 329, France 312. England and France come out on top once only, and that ingloriously, because it is in regard to taxation, the relative figures being: Germany 40, England 73, France 80. We hope the Dutchman is approximately right in his figures, since, if he is, Germany is obviously in a position to re-act to pressure.

THERE could be no more cheerful or appropriate beginning to the cricketing season than two hundreds by Hobbs at the Oval. Not only is he undoubtedly our finest batsman to-day, but he is a batsman of the type that we all want to see when we pay our sixpences. He is a skilful and scientific player if ever there was one, but he is also a brilliant player who is always ready to be on the offensive and does not merely, in the words of a very famous old cricketer, "hang out the bat to dry." However much we may dislike a game being regarded from the spectacular point of view, sixpences are necessary to county cricket. They are more than ever necessary this year when the rather speculative experiment of two day matches is being tried, and the more men there are who play even faintly like Hobbs the bigger and happier will be the crowds. It is bad news that the crowd will no longer be able to see Mr. Jessop, who has retired from first-class cricket. One distinguished cricketer has said that he would far rather see him field than bat. Most of us cannot quite live up to that sentiment, but Mr. Jessop on his toes, menacing and alert, preventing the batsman from running from sheer terror of his throws in was a most inspiring sight. To watch him getting runs, more especially when he was in a mood for cutting, was a continuous ecstasy.

BEE-KEEPERS whose stocks were lost or weakened by the Isle of Wight disease are being afforded an opportunity, through the Food Production Department of the Board of Agriculture, to replenish them. The Food Production Department at a moderate charge is supplying nucleus colonies of Dutch bees headed either by pure Italian Queens or Italian queens crossed with Dutch drones. These two breeds of bee are reckoned to be the least liable to take the disease. It is pretty certain that advantage of this offer of the Food Production Department will be very widely taken. Bee-keeping has always been one of the most delightful and interesting of rural pursuits, and it has additional attractions at the present moment. Many more people are cultivating fruit than used to do so, and bees are active agents in fertilising the blossoms. The other motive is that owing to war conditions the price of honey has risen enormously in the shops, and as it is a luxury, some who have been in the habit of having honey every day on the table have to do without it. This is a pity, because it is not only sweet but a most health-giving food, and one that costs very little to the successful bee-keeper.

WHILE we have missed no opportunity of impressing on our readers the immediate need of preparing for bad times, this has been done with no doubt of the country emerging triumphant from the crisis. Men of affairs who have recently had occasion to go round some of the great Midland factories say that never was activity greater. The whole world is demanding goods, and at great factories and shops where machines are made orders are simply pouring in. In many cases price is no object at all. The articles must be had, whatever they may cost. The one drawback is in the attitude of labour. There seems to be very little desire on the part of workmen to take their coats off in earnest and help to make the most of such an opportunity as Great Britain never before had in the course of her history. If only they had broad-minded leaders who could show them how much their own welfare depends upon exertion, the commercial position would soon be as good as it was before the war and probably better. But that is the one formidable obstacle to progress.

WHEN a great deal of land began coming into the market towards the end of the war, a number of explanations were offered which time has failed to verify. It was doubtless true that many owners sold outlying parts of their estates and land held in distant counties for the purpose of consolidating the property. There were also some who objected to being absentee landowners and sold all their property except that which surrounded their customary residence. But since then the value of sales has gone on increasing at such

a rate as to dispel the idea that these reasons are sufficient to account for it. Even the fact that much of the land had been mortgaged in the early days of the depression, and had fallen so consistently in value that only now was there a chance of clearing the mortgage, cannot be very widely applied. Land is being sold without any encumbrances upon it whatever, and it would not be very safe to generalise in regard to the reason. It may, however, be safely assumed that many far-sighted landowners view the future with anxiety. They do not find the Government making the determined effort which was expected to magnify the importance of our greatest industry, and they also see that agitators of one kind and another are casting ominous looks on the land as if they intended to change the old order and make experiments under a new kind of tenure.

GHOST SHIPS.

The day has died, all gold and grey, behind the distant hills,
And on the sea the slanting moonbeams lie,
Along the far horizon, in the shining silver haze,
What are the dim hulls moving slowly by?
These are they who took their death-blow, not in gale or open fight,
But, unarmed and unprepared, from a coward hidden foe—
Ghosts of gallant ships departed, lying very quiet now
In the green gloom of the ocean floor where the seaweed fronds swing slow.
Tall masted barques that moved like queens, with the sunlight on their sails,
Colliers, with their derricks rising dark against the sky,
Stately ocean liners, rusty-sided cargo tramps,
Trawlers, round whose smoke stacks the gulls would wheel and cry.
In the first grey dawn or when the starlit dusk comes down—
And a faint wind wakes and whispers along the waterside—
Half seen a moment thro' the mist—then fading like a dream,
Up and down the lonely seas the shadowy squadrons ride.

VERA V. NICOLSON.

THERE is always something of interest in the yearly exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors and Gravers, which opened this week at the Grosvenor Gallery. Of several interesting examples of the members' work may be mentioned Mr. Munnings' "Trooper," one of the very best pictures this artist has exhibited, and among the very few "soldiering" paintings one would care to possess. The most ambitious of Mr. Ranken's portraits, "Mrs. Griffiths and Children," is striking, but somewhat overlaid with prettiness. Mr. Livens' "Work by the Thames" is a thing of beauty, but where it is hung is like a string quartette outblared by surrounding brass bands, and can only be enjoyed when groups of visitors by lucky chance blot out the surroundings. The truth is, and this example illustrates it well, far too much is crowded on to the walls in the big annual exhibitions; and because, therefore, any painting not strident in tone is killed, there is an unceasing temptation to artists who exhibit to paint more and more in the brass-band school. It is this natural desire that their work should not be overpowered which probably accounts largely for this form of commercial aberration on the part of painters, perhaps their most vicious convention at the present time; it certainly cannot be because the public of taste and discernment who love pictures, and purchase them, desire stridency on their walls, for if that were so the old masters would be in less request.

AMONG the important side issues raised by the Coal Commission and the Railway Commission first place must be given to the dispute regarding the ownership of land. Much play has been made with the grants of land made in times past by kings to their soldiers and other subjects. But this is not the most important aspect of the question. The value of land is something that is made by long labour and free expenditure of capital. A field yielding good crops to-day means that in the past it has had money and labour lavished on it. Land in a state of nature is not a gift worth having to anybody but those who are going to devote a lifetime to making it fertile. It is the same thing with the stock that runs on the land. The fat ox at the Christmas show, the flocks of Southdown sheep, the prize-taking pigs have been evolved slowly through many generations. They are as much artificial products as are the results of any work done in a factory. The right to the land can only belong to those who made it what it is.

THE VENETIAN PICTURES AT VIENNA CLAIMED BY ITALY

By TANCRED BORENIUS.

THERE has probably never existed another city so replete with pictures as Venice was on the spring day in 1797 when the last Doge abdicated and the old Venetian Republic passed out of existence before the irresistible advance of the troops of Bonaparte.

The reasons for this are not far to seek. Contrary to what had been the case with a number of flourishing centres of art in Italy—Florence and Rome are but the most illustrious names which occur in this connection—Venice had till that day never been entered by an invader; she had never known a *sacco di Roma* playing havoc among her art treasures; on the contrary, for centuries the process of accumulation of pictures had gone on quite undisturbedly in Venice, whose rulers, as a matter of policy, at all times catered as much as possible for the gratification of the senses of the inhabitants of the city.

Although shorn of many of its treasures, the Ducal Palace in Venice remains to this day an unsurpassed example of lavish and protracted use of the painter's art for the decoration of a building; another public building which the fall of the Republic saw absolutely cram-full with pictures was the Palazzo Camerlenghi, a large edifice containing various Government offices, situated on the Grand Canal close to the Rialto and facing the Fondaco dei Tedeschi—now one would search in vain the naked walls of its rooms for even a solitary specimen of the canvases, which successive generations of officials were in the habit of commissioning in memory of their terms of office. Needless to say that in the

ecclesiastical establishments, churches and convents, pictures abounded as well; and we get a curious sidelight on the factors operating towards this accumulation of pictures in Venice when we read in Ridolfi's "*Maraviglie dell'Arte*" (1646) of one church in Venice, where a certain altar was only allowed to retain its altarpiece for a limited period, whereupon it was removed and a fresh one substituted by a living artist—an amusing proof of how, even in the days of the Old Masters, the rivalry between the living and the dead was not an unheard of thing, and how the difficulty was met. Finally, in the sumptuous decoration of the palaces of the Venetian aristocracy paintings played naturally a most important part. And the inroads which the export to foreign collectors made upon this vast quantity of pictures were on the whole of very little consequence; indeed, in the eighteenth century, the

Venetian Government, anticipating the devices of later Italian legislators, prohibited the export of old pictures from Venice altogether; and the lists drawn up by the Government experts of the pictures in public as well as private possession in Venice exist to this day, and furnish material of the very greatest value to the art historian.

Such was the state of things, then, when the old Venetian Republic expired; and the change which followed was a very radical one. Among the private collections the *dégringolade* naturally set in almost immediately; but although it forms a very interesting episode in the peculiarly fascinating history of the picture movements in Europe about the year 1800, I cannot follow this



CIMA DA CONEGLIANO'S "MADONNA UNDER THE ORANGE TREE."

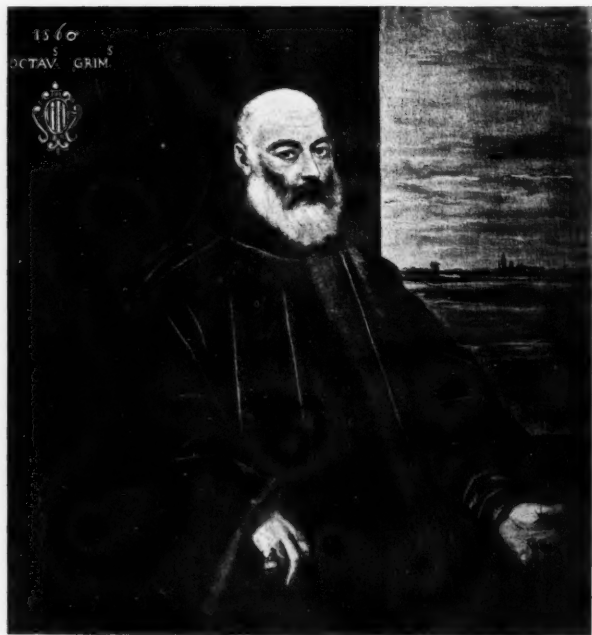
matter upon the present occasion. As for the pictures belonging to the suppressed churches, convents and *scuole* in Venice, and to various Government offices that had ceased to exist, they were all during the French occupation of Venice, in the reign of the Viceroy Eugène de Beauharnais, gathered in a vast picture depository, which was presided over by Pietro Edwards, a painter of English extraction settled in Venice and employed as picture-overseer already by the old Venetian Government. From this depository of pictures a large number were set aside for the Gallery of the Venetian Academy; others were sent to the Brera Gallery at Milan; and finally in 1816 and 1838, when Venice meanwhile had passed into Austrian possession, a number of pictures were removed to Vienna at the order of the Austrian Emperor. It is these pictures of which the Italian Government is now claiming the restitution.



"THE ANNUNCIATION," BY CARPACCIO.

It is perhaps worth while emphasising, by the way, that the Italian claim has no reference to some of the Venetian pictures which form one of the chief glories of the Vienna Gallery—the Giorgione "Philosophers," and the marvelous series of Titians, Palma Vecchios, Veroneses and Tintoretts which once belonged to the collection of the Archduke Leopold William and are engraved in Teniers' famous "Theatrum Pictorium."

Among the pictures now claimed by Italy there are works illustrating both the pre-Titianesque and the later periods of the Venetian school. The most important of the earlier works is doubtless Cima da Conegliano's "Madonna under the Orange Tree," formerly in the church at Santa Chiara at Murano and now No. 19 in the Hofmuseum at Vienna. The picture, which belongs to a comparatively early period of the master's career, represents the Virgin and Child enthroned between St. Jerome and St. Louis of Toulouse, in the foreground of a most delightful landscape, crowded with the wealth of detail which Cima's love of Nature prompted him to introduce into the composition; in the middle distance on the left is seen the hill, crowned by the Castle of Collalto, which to this day may be easily visited from Cima's native town, Conegliano; and in the far background rise the blue ridges of the Friulan Alps. Among the other "primitives," mention should be made of two large subjects from the



"THE ANNUNCIATION," BY PAUL VERONESE. "OTTAVIO GRIMANI," BY TINTORETO.

life of St. Jerome by Carpaccio's master, Lazzaro Bastiani, formerly in the Scuola di San Girolamo at Venice and now in the Vienna Gallery; while Carpaccio himself is represented by two subjects from the life of the Virgin, "The Annunciation" and "The Death of the Virgin," both originally in the Scuola degli Albanesi at Venice and now in the Gallery of the Academy of Arts at Vienna, and by a symbolic representation of Christ as Saviour, "The Blood of the Redeemer"—the same subject as Giovanni Bellini has treated in an early work of his now in the National Gallery. Carpaccio's picture, now in the Vienna Gallery, was originally painted for the Church of San Pietro Martine at Udine, and the vista in the background of the picture of the Castle of Udine on its hill gives it a kind of topical interest at the present moment. Titian himself is not represented among the pictures now under discussion, which, on the other hand, include some interesting examples of the atelier, if not of the personal

brushwork, of Paul Veronese, such as the two organ doors representing the Adoration of the Magi and the Annunciation, formerly in the Church of Sant' Antonio at Torcello, the deserted island near Venice, and now in the Hofmuseum at Vienna, and a number of noble and dignified portraits of Venetian patricians by Tintoret, such as the one of Ottavio Grimani, here reproduced, formerly in the Procuratia Citra at Venice and now in the Academy at Vienna. On the whole, the series of pictures now referred to is, however, representative not of the greater but of the lesser stars of the Venetian school—painters like Beccaruzzi, Bonifazio, Domenico Tintoretto, Sebastiano Florigerio, Calisto Piazza—and while it will doubtless for the art historian be of great interest to see these pictures restored to Venice, where the problems of *expertise* suggested by them can best be enquired into and settled, the majority of them will hardly form a very marked addition to the æsthetic attraction of the City of the Lagoons.

FARMERS AND THE MINIMUM WAGE

AS the opinion is rapidly hardening among farmers that the minimum wage is a hopelessly bad institution as far as agriculture is concerned, it occurred to me that it would be worth while to give a day to interviewing a number of farmers with the view to ascertaining as clearly as possible what are their objections to it. For this purpose a selection was made of about half a dozen. They are all excellent men at their business, men who before the war were prosperous, who had no trouble with their labourers, and who are unlikely to take a pessimistic view of the situation. It would have been easy to select an equal number of born grumblers who object instinctively to everything new and progressive. But my own feeling is that, whatever may be said, the institution of the minimum wage served a good purpose. During previous wars farmers and landowners made a great deal of money, but the condition of the labourer was, if anything, harder than in times of peace. If there is anyone who disputes this statement, he may be referred to the works of the President of the Board of Agriculture, where he will find the facts set out. But that being admitted, it does not follow that the arrangement is beyond criticism. For my part I would not like to write a word that would tend to send the labourer back to the hopeless position which he was in before the war broke out. The object is rather to see if there is no means of maintaining him in comfort without inflicting damage on the case of food production. With this brief preface the results of the investigation may be left to speak for themselves.

The first place visited is in the occupation of a prosperous and successful farmer of the old school. He picked up his knowledge in actual practice, and did not have the advantage of a college education or any other beyond an ordinary schooling. He is doing well, and is quite contented at the present moment. But the reason is that he has five sons working on the farm. There is another, but he is described as the bookish member of the family, and is being prepared for the profession of medicine. All these boys were at the war; two of them enlisted in 1914, and the others were called up afterwards. They did well, and it is accounted rather a miracle that they came through safe and sound, except that several of them, I forget exactly how many, were laid up with wounds from time to time, and one was a prisoner in Germany. On being demobilised they and their father had a heart to heart conversation, with the result that the five brothers agreed to remain on the farm and do the work. The father pays them each thirty shillings a week, and they have the run of the home-grown food. Further, the profits are saved either for future division or for the starting of any son who wishes to farm on his own account. There is thus a kind of informal family co-operation, which, as far as one can judge, acts splendidly. There is no grumbling, and no bother about overtime and Sunday work. The young men settle these points among themselves. I asked the father point blank if he could get on, supposing his family were to leave and he had to hire at current wages. His answer was an emphatic negative. He thought the minimum wage would never do in a calling such as his. During the present year there have been weeks and even months of weather when operations were impossible. "Supposing," he said, "that I had five men working at forty or forty-five shillings a week, I would have to pay them whether there was anything to do or not. The result would be that work would fall

heavily into arrear, and to make up for the time they had lost they would work overtime. That is all very well for them, because they would be well paid for overtime, but what about me? I would have paid wages in wet weather for which I could get no return and then have to pay extra for the work they, in an ordinary season, would have done in the usual hours. If I could not have my sons here, I could not get on at all." This conversation took place in a field he was preparing for mangolds, and he pointed the moral of his tale by showing the wet and almost unworkable condition of the soil. "The season is getting late," he said, "and makes me anxious, but I half think it would have been better to wait until the land was dry and more workable." He did not talk much more because he was himself working. Of course, few are in so favourable a position. There is little doubt that a farmer at the present moment can make money if he has labour within his own family.

The next man I went to is not so fortunate, as he has only one son, a boy of sixteen or seventeen, who has not yet completed his education. He farms on a very large scale, and when started about the difficulties of labour he became so voluble that it was difficult in the extreme to get his points reduced to definite shape. His particular grievance seemed to be that since the institution of the minimum wage the labourers, with whom he used to get on very well, had joined a Trades Union and become more independent in their manner and, in the employer's opinion, less efficient in their work. Sure of finding places elsewhere, they did not hesitate a moment about fixing, to some extent, their own hours and their own holidays, and objected altogether to doing Sunday work, although there was no objection to paying them extra for it. He considered that his Sunday work was part of the routine, as much, for example, as the preparation of a Monday newspaper, and he should be entitled to engage men to do it. On a big farm this would not necessitate Sundays being given up entirely, and he was willing to leave the men to make their own arrangements. But where a considerable amount of stock is kept, there should be no option about the animals being fed or not being fed. They have the same appetites on Sunday as they have on other days of the week. In regard to labour, he considered that a good man could not, within reason, be paid too highly, whereas an inferior man was not worth keeping at any price. He said that there was a very decided "ca' canny" movement, and that the men did not now exert themselves as they used; moreover, they have grown careless, and that is a very important thing on a farm where the men have to handle valuable horses and still more valuable machinery.

The third farmer is in a different position altogether. He has made good use of German prisoners and was perturbed at the idea of losing them if the Germans signed the Peace Treaty. I must say he gave me the impression that at the back of his mind there was a hope that they would prove recalcitrant and not sign it. This farmer is a thorough business man, is a director of a town dairy company and holds many other positions of a like nature. He is self-made, and the making is that of a strong, rugged and slightly domineering character. It was the question of finding other workers that perplexed him. During the war he had got on for a time with a number of ancient labourers whom he called "dug-outs"—men who had retired from the hard, regular work of the farm and contented themselves with odd

jobs of one kind and another. Under the pressure of war they had done better than was expected, and he said if they could be engaged at a reasonable wage he could get on with them all right, but if he was obliged to pay the men, whatever their age or whatever their capability, the same high wages, then he was going to spend his money on the young and muscular. The sickly, the aged and the infirm would have to drop out. He had no use for them. He, too, had a great deal to say about the slackness that had come over men since they had got the high wages, and declared that, instead of doing more, they were actually doing less. This opinion I found to be held by practically everybody to whom I spoke. To some extent it may be explained by the fact that men who have come back from the Army and who have been affected by its dangers and excitements are not able just at a moment's notice to settle down to the routine of daily labour. They may do so by and by, but a really go-ahead farmer is not as a rule blessed with a very large share of patience. He also inveighed against the employment of boys who, he said, claim the wages of men and were not fit to do the work. Women he would not have on his land during war and he was not going to start with them afterwards.

The fourth man was in some ways more interesting than the others. He is the third generation on the same holding and, though brought up very much in the traditions of the elders, that is to say, taught to do things as his grandfather had done before him, he is exceptionally intelligent and fond of reading and studying, with the result that he became interested in the modern discoveries with regard to agricultural progress. He has won many prizes, both for crops and stock, as well as having prospered in his worldly affairs. He has a number of sons, but they are all clever and enterprising and have farms of their own, so that he is compelled to hire his labour. Although known to be a keen business man, his manners and general tone are gentle, as those of one who uses persuasion in preference to strong language. He had just finished putting in his potatoes in land rather lighter than that of his neighbours, and therefore not suffering so much from the wet season. He is always ready for a chat, and is the last man in the world to take up any grumbling attitude. He said that labour was certainly a very great difficulty. It was difficult to get and not always efficient. He keeps a small dairy and supplies the neighbouring village with milk, and complained in his gentle way that the men could not be induced to come to Sunday work even by the prospect of earning more money. He said he did not wonder at it, because he recollected the time when, practically, they had only two holidays in the year, Christmas and Good Friday,

and the chance of getting Sundays off counterweighed the natural desire to earn more money. His men at present are young demobilised soldiers, all unmarried, and they seem to prefer strolling about the lanes with their girls on Sunday afternoons to attending to the dairy. He just managed to get through with the help of one or two women of his household. Like the others, he did not think there should be any option about Sunday work on farms where a considerable quantity of stock is kept, but that every man should take his turn at attending to it. He also thought that if it was absolutely impossible for men to work owing to weather conditions they should put in at least a half of the hours lost as ordinary time in addition to the hours they work. He is a hay farmer, and therefore is strongly opposed to the idea of farm labourers dropping work at five o'clock in summer. As he pointed out, five o'clock in summer-time is four o'clock according to what he called "real time," and if hay is dry at any one of the twenty-four hours, it is at four o'clock, when it has had the benefit of the whole day's sunshine. He could not believe that farmers and labourers between them could possibly have been responsible for this ordinance. It was obvious that, in spite of his mild disposition, he felt that agriculture was subject to a disadvantage, and he was the only one who suggested means whereby the labourer could retain his minimum wage and yet add materially to the productivity of the farm.

The last of my interviews was with a man who is making a very good livelihood out of poultry farming. Needless to say, he was absolutely opposed to the fixing of hours. His point was that men engaged on work of this kind must in certain seasons be up early in the morning and attend to their charges late at night. He was, of course, speaking of spring and the early weeks of summer. But that does not necessarily mean hard work, because the attention, which mostly means feeding, can be done in a very short time and there are long intervals between. One of the men whom he has employed for seven years is elderly and yet able to manage a market garden of a couple of acres in the intervals of his poultry work. Another man works on the railway and does four-hour shifts on it, and he also is able to do his turn on the poultry farm. If it were not for the accident of his being able to engage men like these, he says, the fixed hours would lead him into great loss and expense.

These were all typical examples of working farmers, and, although they pointed out defects in the present system, the result was not one of hopelessness or of casting cold water over the entire scheme of improving the lot of the rural labourer.

P.

THE ART OF THE ESQUIMAUX.—II

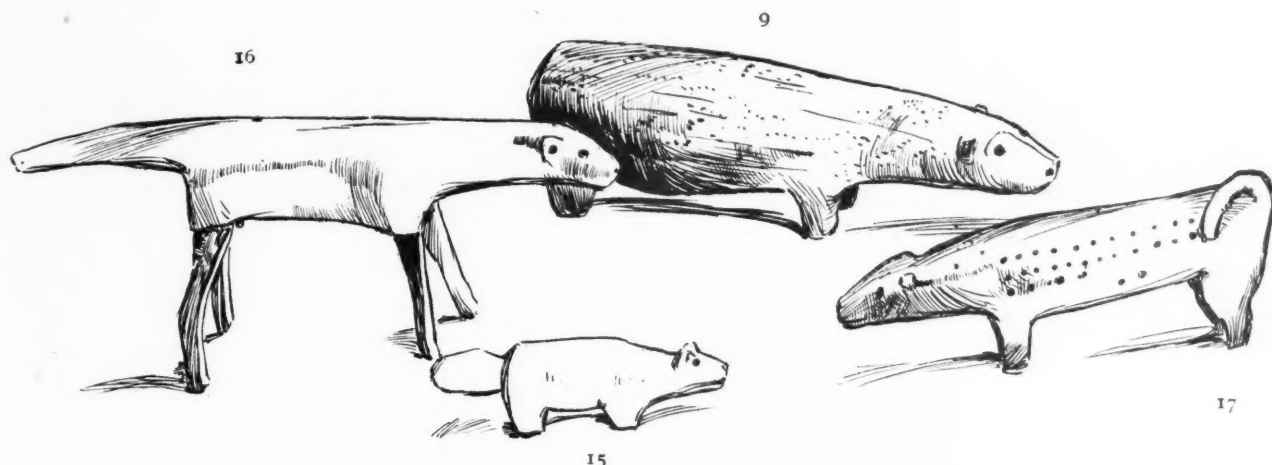
BY D'ARCY WENTWORTH THOMPSON. ILLUSTRATED BY GRACE CRUTTWELL.

THE Polar bear is a favourite subject. Here is one (Fig. 9) that is crude enough, but not bad at all; the long, straight back the abrupt hind-quarters, the little ears, the long and level head are good points in the figure. The next (Fig. 10) is a better carving, evidently old, yellow with age, and polished with much handling. The bear, I take it, is asleep or nearly asleep. I see his half-closed eyes, and ears set back a little, the mouth half-open, the legs stretched forward. But this figure brings us to another matter.

There are very few indeed of these little figures, and those only among the roughest, which seem to be mere toys or simple models; they nearly all have some use or other, even though it be only to string upon a belt or necklace. Now, our sleeping bear has two holes drilled all through the length of his body, separate behind and meeting in one common tunnel between his forelegs; obviously a cord or thong was once strung through them. The same is true of our little whales, if we look at them again; two largish holes are drilled through the belly and meet in one upon the back. We are at once reminded of a Japanese *netsuké*. A *netsuké*, as we know (or ought to know) is a little carving, usually of wood or bone or ivory, and very commonly represents some animal or other. A sleeping mouse, a conventionalised sparrow (the tongue-cut sparrow of the story), a boy with a tortoise, a Chinese dog, a mouse on a pomegranate, are among

the few that stand before me on the mantelpiece. They are all bored with two round holes, through which a string or silken cord was once passed. They are a sort of "toggle," to hold and tighten, for instance, the strings of a tobacco pouch or a medicine case, or something of the sort; and that is just precisely the sort of thing that our little Esquimaux figures, in many cases, are. Now and then, though slightly different, they are still analogous. Here is a drawing, for instance, of a little bear's head (Fig. 11), through which a thong is passed to lash it to the long handle of a harpoon. It is a rest, or stop, for the spearman's hand. So in these and in a good many other cases we find that our little Esquimaux *netsukés* did not hang loose, but were tight-fastened; they were used as parts of hunting-tackle, of the gear of kayaks, and so forth. But in other cases the thing was a real *netsuké*, a mere knob, half fastener, half handle, through which a cord was passed loosely. The Esquimaux are curiously fond of "handles"—handles for their bags (Fig. 12), their buckets or "kantags," handles by which to hold and drag home a bundle of sealskins, a dead seal or a heavy fish. (This figure and the greater part of those which follow are drawn from specimens belonging to and kindly lent me by my friend Mr. Thomas Gerrard, of Messrs. Edward Gerrard and Sons, Camden Town, the well known naturalists.)

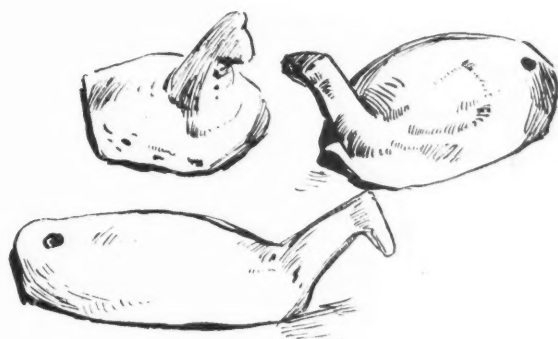
My little round-bodied, resting bear was used as a seal-drag, and so also were the bears' teeth of the next



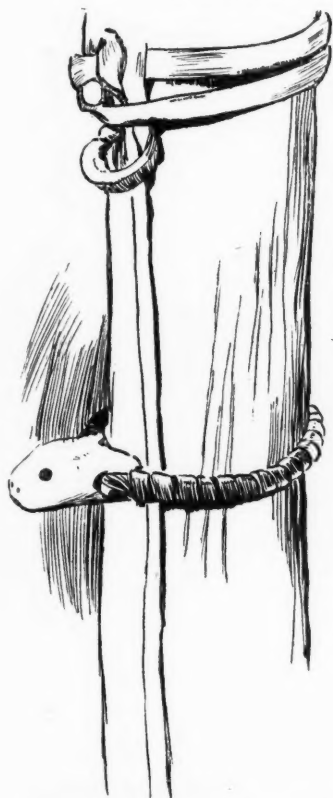
A group of ivory toys: Polar bear (9), Arctic fox (15), Wolf (16), Glutton (17).



10.—A Netsuké; polar bear asleep.



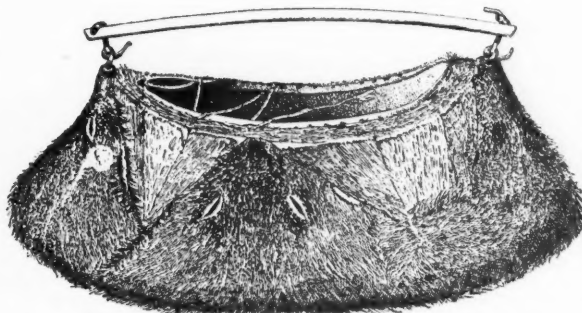
18.—A group of ivory birds.



11.—Shaft of a harpoon; with ivory "stop" in the shape of a bear's head.



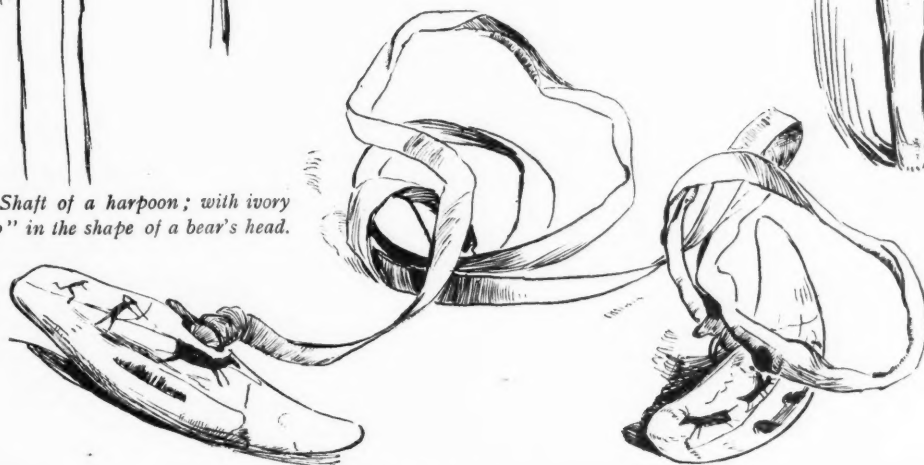
12.—A bag handle.



12A.—Skin tool bag with ivory handle (after Hoffmann).



19.—Ivory dolls.



13.—Bear's teeth used as a seal-drag.

figure (Fig. 13). Each is just a little button or knob to which is fastened (or, rather, through which is passed) a looped leather thong. The bight of the thong is passed through a slit in the seal's carcase, usually made in the jaw, while the knob is attached to a longer line or is slipped on to the end of a dog's harness; and the carcase runs over the ice like a sled. The above are simple cases, but many are more elaborate. Here is one of Dr. Hoffmann's illustrations



14.—A seal-drag (much reduced), after Hoffmann.



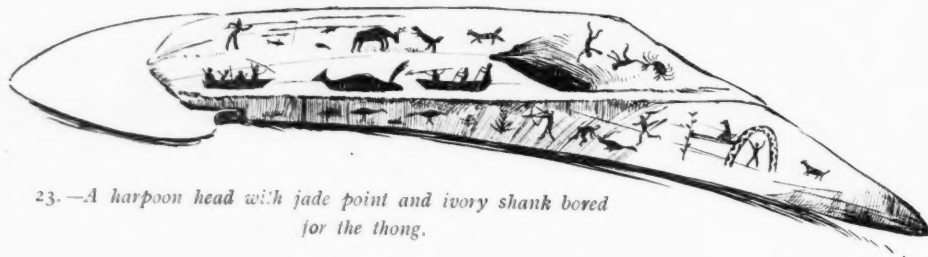
20.—Jade and ivory pickaxe with horn handle.



21.—Ivory chisel or scraper.



22.—Ivory chisel or scraper.



23.—A harpoon head with jade point and ivory shank bored for the thong.

(Fig. 14); my Polar bear was certainly used in the same way, and my little whales had, doubtless, a similar or analogous use. (See Dr. W. J. Hoffmann, "The Graphic Art of the Esquimaux," Rep. Smithsonian Institution, U. S. National Museum, 1895 (1897), pp. 739-758. A still more elaborate account of Esquimaux customs, implements, ornaments etc., will be found in Mr. E. W. Nelson's Report on "The Eskimo about Bering Strait," in Eighteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, 1899; and other interesting references to Esquimaux art are scattered through the above Reports over many years.)

Now, this resemblance or analogy between the Esquimaux and the Japanese *netsukés* may be only a straw, but there are other straws pointing in the same direction. In short, while the Esquimaux sets us thinking on the one hand of a race so ancient and so primitive as the Cave-men of Europe on the other hand he brings us round, no little to our surprise and wonderment, towards that great and highly civilised people, skilful and learned, imitative and receptive, most ancient and at the same time most modern, the Japanese. The Esquimaux are commonly called by their Indian neighbours the "eaters of raw fish"; and I have often eaten raw fish myself in Japan, as every stranger who has dined with a Japanese has been at least invited to do. Whale-meat, it may be an ancestral food, is more rarely come by, but it is a still greater delicacy in Japan. Moreover, many ethnologists, Professor Tylor among them, have maintained that there is a real community of race between the Japanese and the Esquimaux.

There are plenty of corollaries to this problem, and doubtless plenty of difficulties connected with it. What, for instance, are the Ainu? They also have points in common with the Esquimaux: they worship the bear, their girls tattoo the lip much as the Esquimaux girls do; but the Ainu are very different from the Japanese, and the racial difference is marked by mutual contempt and detestation. Again, are all our so-called Esquimaux of one stock, or not? It is very far from clear. In the Yukon Delta, for instance, there

are peculiar tribes (the Ekogmut or Kwikhpagmut) with big black beards and hairy bodies—peculiar, as Dr. Hoffmann says, in "the extreme hairiness of their persons." There is a strong suggestion of the hairy Ainu in this brief description. The matter lies beyond us, for the present, at least. But for my part I think we have strong *prima facie* grounds for believing, or at least suspecting, that the Japanese and the Esquimaux are near blood-relations, the one poor the other enriched by climate and all the wealth it brings, and refined, if not in other ways, by centuries of contact with the still more ancient Chinese civilisation; that the art of the two races is also closely akin; and that, in particular, the delicate and beautiful *netsukés* and other ivories of Japan have their prototype or their common origin among the Esquimaux.

And now let us go back to what few remain of my ivory figures. Fig. 15, rough as it is, is not to be mistaken. It is a little Arctic fox, with its prick ears and thick brush. The long-legged creature (Fig. 16)—its long legs are carved separately—is a wolf. Fig. 17 is more interesting. It is a rather short-legged animal, with straight muzzle, short ears and curly tail, and the pattern of its fur is indicated by an arrangement of dots. It is, I think, a glutton or wolverine, one of the

common animals of Arctic lands and of considerable importance to the fur trade. The poor thing has got a bad name, and has been often hanged for it in unmerited reprobation. I have read somewhere that its old name in Finnish was something like "Fiaelfras," and meant a "dweller among rocks"—like our friends, our much feebler friends, the coney. But to German ears it sounded like "Vielfrass," the "much-eater"; and so it was called the glutton in all languages and for all time, and the stories of its voracity, all built on nothing but the name, are among the curiosities of popular, or fabulous, natural history.

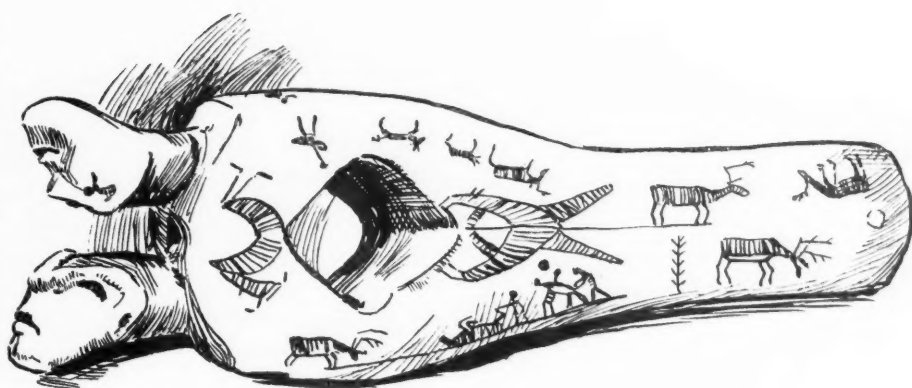
Next we have a little group of birds (Fig. 18), all water-birds, and represented as swimming, with only their backs exposed to view. One is probably a wild goose; another, with longer body and sharper bill, may be meant for a great northern diver. There is another, with curiously formed head, with a sort of crest on its head, or more likely a knob or "culmen" on its bill. I am not sure, but I am almost sure, that it is meant to represent the rare snow goose (*Chen nivalis*), whose home is in the Far North, somewhere in the region of the Mackenzie River.

There are a few fish, very rough indeed, and not to be safely identified. Dr. Hoffmann figures others like them, and calls them "toys"; but mine all have, and most of his have, their tails perforated, and in some the sinew-cord is still attached; and there are also holes through the head in some of mine. They may have been holders or handles for something or other. Dr. Hoffmann has two very pretty ones with which I have nothing to compare. One is a flat-fish, spotted on the back, some sort of plaice or flounder. The other, also spotted, is a fish of the salmon kind; Dr. Hoffmann calls it a grayling, but among all the many salmonidæ of the North Pacific I think we had better leave it for the present without a name.

Lastly, I have two little human figures (Fig. 19), two little dolls, one still wearing its poor clothes—a mere wrapping of skin with girdle of sinew. They are both armless, with clumsy legs, and very rough all over. But the faces, especially of the larger, are not without expression, and the larger one, at any rate, is certainly the representation of a grown man. I doubt whether it is a toy. I think there is something uncanny about it, something to do with magic or incantation, some affair of the Wizard or Shaman.

From our little *netsukés* and other simple figures of beast and bird, let us pass on to consider a few implements, the common working tools of an Age of Stone. But I need not say very much about their form and use; for the most part it is their pictorial ornament which at present interests us.

The first has no ornamentation at all. It is a small pickaxe, or rather adze, with a sharp, transverse, blade of fine green jade set in a shaft of ivory and attached by two leather thongs to a curved haft of deer's horn. It is a common enough type of implement, but it carries us well back to the primitive workshops of men. It brings a story to my mind, though it is a good long way from our present subject; it recalls Valentine Ball's interpretation of the old story in Herodotus (also, for that matter, in Megasthenes, Strabo and Pliny) of the Gold-digging Ants. We remember how



24.—Ivory "arrow-straightener."



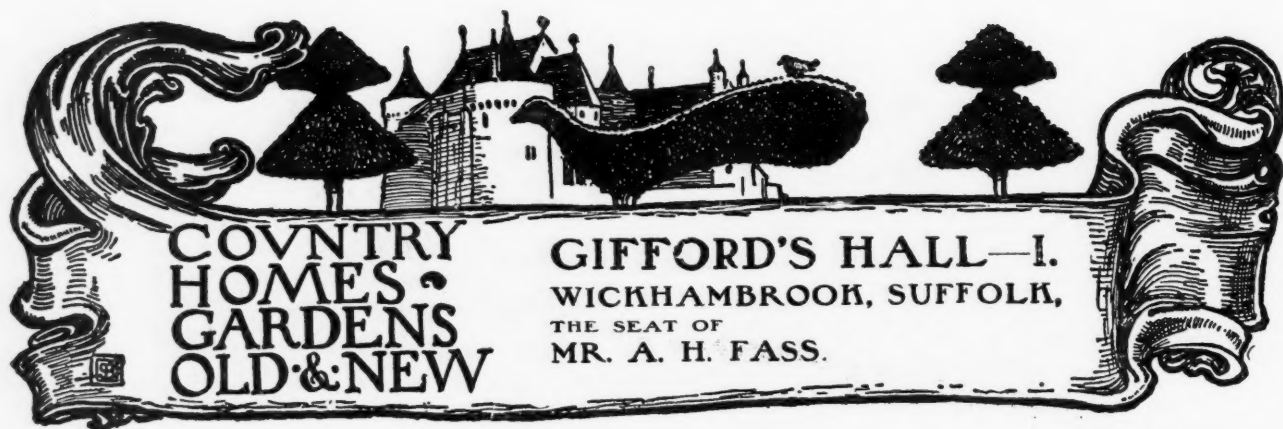
25.—A broad scraper of obsidian with carved and etched ivory handle.

the great ants were said to dig for gold in the deserts of Casparyrus, or Kashmir. We are told many curious things of their speed and of their ferocity, and how travellers had seen their hairy skins, and how in the Temple at Erythrae one of their "horns" was actually preserved; and how the gold was guarded by griffins. But the old story comes down to a traveller's tale of the little Tibetan miners, with their fur coats and their fierce mastiff dogs; and the "horn" was one of the gold-miner's horn pick-axes, still in use in Ladak.

I have never seen one of these Tibetan picks of which Mr. Ball and Mr. Lydekker tell us, and I have no reason to doubt that a hard, sharp antler would make a good pick enough. Still I am inclined to think that the horn would make a poorish pick, but a perfect *handle*; and I rather fancy that that miner's pick was very like this implement of the Esquimaux.

Next we have a couple of chisels or scrapers (Figs. 21 and 22), with rough, flaked blades and finely formed ivory handles. Both are very strong, and easy and firm to hold; my hand takes a particularly comfortable grip of the one with the curved, spoon-shaped handle. Fig. 23 is a harpoon head with a heart-shaped point of jade and ivory shank bored for the thong which attached it loosely to the wooden haft. Fig. 24 is a piece of ivory perforated with a square-shaped hole and was used as an "arrow-straightener." These Esquimaux arrow-straighteners have been used to explain certain *perforated* antlers found in the bone-caves of Aquitaine. Another chisel, with a finely formed handle and a beautiful, thin, spade-shaped blade of polished jade, is furnished with a somewhat similar, though more oval perforation.

Again, in Fig. 25 we have a large, massive handle of mammoth ivory, curiously formed, carved in front admirably into the head and forelegs of a Polar bear and furnished with a broad sharp blade; it is apparently a scraper for cleaning hides.



THERE can surely be no country district in England, judged by proximity to London or other large centre of population, so unknown, unexplored and unappreciated for its antiquarian treasures as the western part of the county of Suffolk. The sea-coast on the eastern side and the larger towns attract hosts of visitors, of course. Ipswich is a busy centre, and the long

strip of sea-board up to Yarmouth—Mecca of East Enders—is familiar ground to hundreds of thousands; but, so far as sharing in this notoriety is concerned, West Suffolk might be a hundred miles away from the popular eastern side of the county and twice that distance from London, though it is roughly only sixty to eighty miles from the metropolis. Absence of direct railway accommodation is one reason

for this. Sleepy Bury St. Edmunds, a dozen miles to the north, and sleepier Clare, six miles to the south, hardly count. Newmarket is the most important centre just outside the county; but this serves as a flypaper to a motley sporting crowd, who are mostly Gallios in respect of rural beauty and antiquarian charm; and even that paradise of jockeys and trainers is ten good miles away from Gifford's Hall and its neighbourhood. Let us not murmur at this providential dispensation, but rather rejoice in it; because here, at least, is preserved a little piece of that Old England which has so largely vanished before the tripper and week-end-er. One blesses the Great Eastern Railway, with its lazy and infrequent trains, when one realises that it has preserved for those who have eyes to see rare treasures of beauty, old-fashioned people and old-world ways.

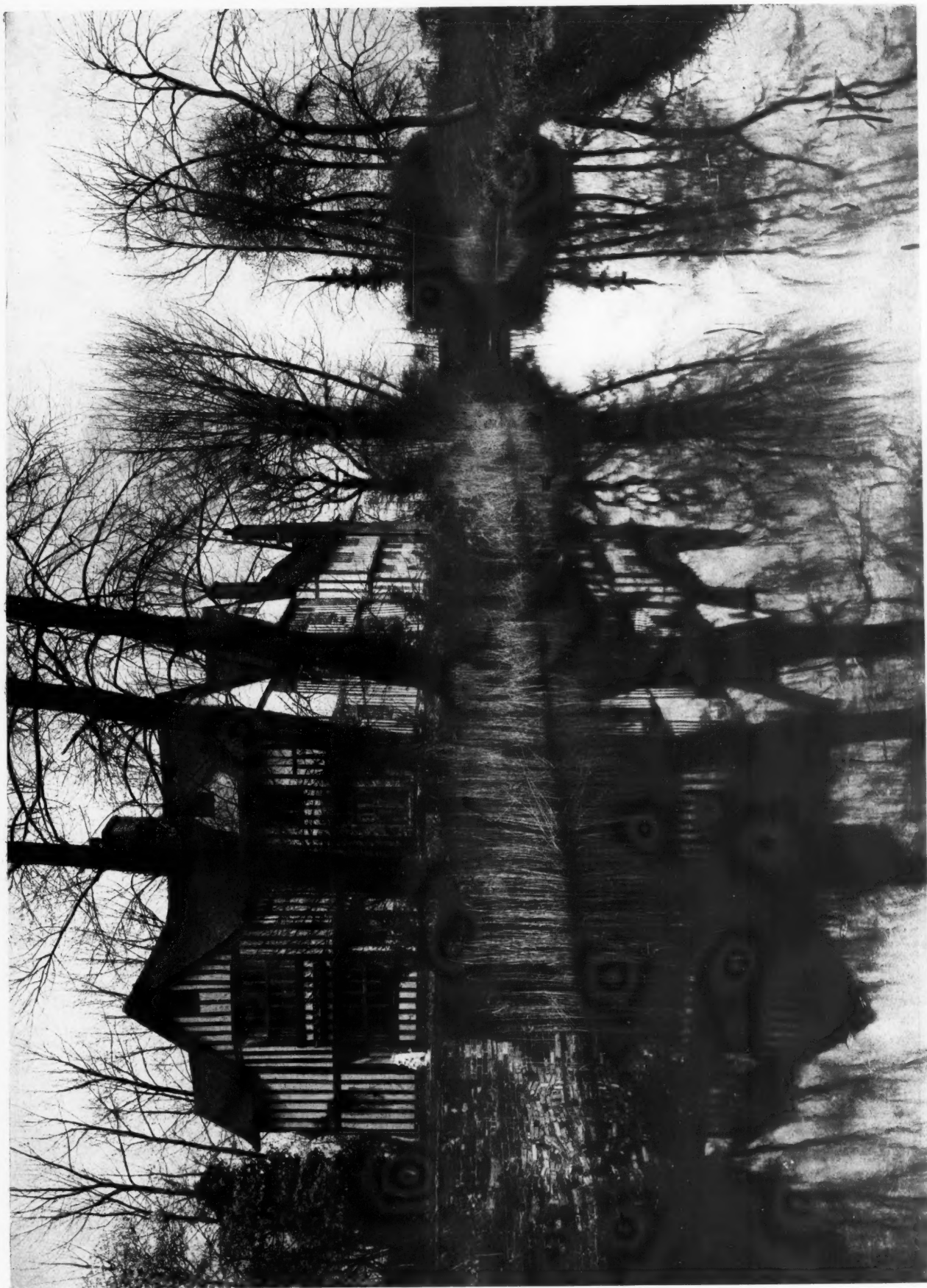
Gifford's Hall, Wickhambrook—not to be confounded with its more famous namesake, once the home of the Mannocks, in Stoke-by-Nayland parish, twenty miles to the south-east—is a gem of beauty and a store-house of archaeological interest, much of which has been brought to light, after centuries of neglect and decay, by its



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GIFFORD'S HALL: THE SOUTH FRONT.

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COUNTRY LIFE.

LOOKING ALONG THE MOAT, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

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THE SOUTH FRONT FROM ACROSS THE MOAT.

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THE NORTHERN END.

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THE NEW NORTH WING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

owner, Mr. A. H. Fass. Doubtless the same ancient Suffolk family gave their name to both the Gifford's Halls; but, whereas the better known and larger house is largely of brick and semi-fortified, this one is almost entirely of timber framing, or "post and panel" construction, and its only protection is the wide and deep moat. There are, however, the remains, not far away, of an older moated house, or castle, which must have been strongly defended. The timber construction of Gifford's Hall bears witness to the peaceful nature of this district and to the more settled order that came in with the end of the Wars of the Roses.

The certain history of the present house, however, begins not with the Giffords but with the Highams, or Heighams, whose crest, a rampant white horse, appears with others in the ancient glazing of the hall windows. In 1272 Peter Gifford held the manor, and from him it passed to Walter Gifford. Whether they occupied an older house on the site of the present or, as seems more probable, the fortified house or castle hard by, to which reference has been made, must remain uncertain.

In the fourteenth century the Cloptons, another well known Suffolk family, who figure on the eastern side of the county as well as here, were in possession, and within a few hundred yards of Gifford's Hall is a delightful old farmhouse, with carved and moulded floor-joists (very characteristic of the district) and stately groups of tall chimneys behind its steep gables, still going by the name of Clopton Hall, which would suggest that one branch at least of this important family lived here. In 1377 Sir William Clopton bequeathed Gifford's Hall and the estates to his widow, Dame Mary Clopton, and she, in 1409, left it in the hands of her trustees, Sir William Berdwell and Thomas Cressener, who sold it in 1428 to Sir Hugh Fraunceys. He was probably connected by blood or marriage with the Cloptons, for, soon after 1420, we find Margery, daughter and heiress of Elias Fraunceys, marrying Sir William Clopton of Kentwell, the lady dying in 1424 and

her husband in 1446, Sir Hugh Fraunceys, the purchaser of Gifford's in 1428, had a daughter Isabell, possibly a co-heiress with her sister Margaret, who married Thomas Garneys of Kenton. Isabell Fraunceys married Thomas Heigham, of a family whose immediate place of origin seems to have been Heigham, near Bury St. Edmunds, but who may have come from Higham in Kent, near Gravesend, as they bore for arms the White Horse of Kent.

Whether this Thomas Heigham in about the middle of the fifteenth century rebuilt the existing house, or whether his son and heir, Clement Heigham, who was in possession in 1480, is to be credited with the work, it is not easy to decide. The style of the stone fireplace in the State Chamber upstairs is consistent with the middle of the fifteenth century, but the timber framing inside and out would rather suggest the later date. Clement Heigham died in 1521, and it is safe to assume that the main fabric of the house was complete in the earlier part of his occupation, or, in other words, before 1500. There is no hint of the oncoming Renaissance in the massive carved and moulded timbers any more than in the fireplace of the Best Chamber; the work is good late Gothic in every line and touch. Perhaps the absence of arched heads to the windows, as in the bay windows of the hall, may be taken as deciding in favour of the later date; and if so, the arms of Heigham in the south window may refer to Clement, and those of Fraunceys to his mother, from whom he inherited after his father's death.

The house and estates remained with the Heighams down to the middle of the seventeenth century, William, the second son of Clement, succeeding his father,



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CAMBERED CEILING OF SMALL SOLAR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CEILING AND CHARLES II. PANELLING.

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THE HALL.

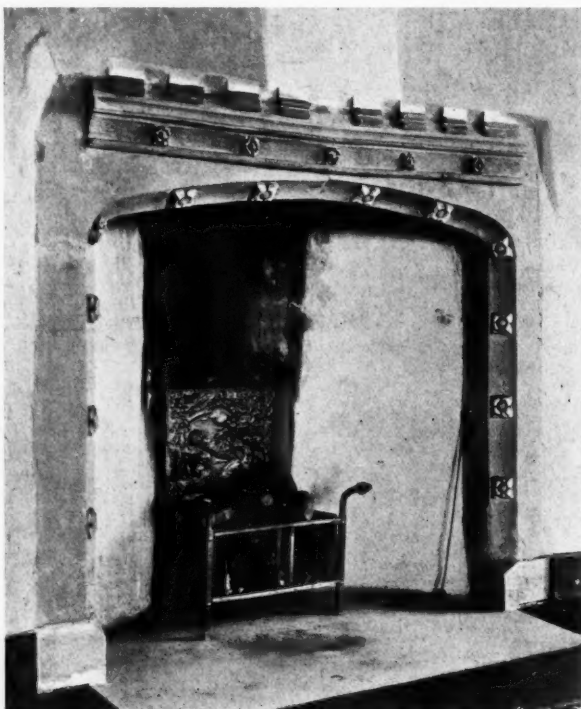
"COUNTRY LIFE."

who died May 5th, 1558. Next came John, son and heir of William, and he was succeeded by Thomas Heigham, a distinguished soldier, who has left us a very interesting monument in Wickhambrook Church, of which more anon. He died in 1630, and the family still continued to hold the estates and, presumably, to reside in the house, for several of the children of George and Margaret Heigham were buried at Wickhambrook, one of them in 1654.

The later history of the house is somewhat obscure, but we learn from the Davy MSS. that in 1698 Lord Maynard of Easton, near Dunmow, left £4,000 to be invested in tithes and lands "for binding out poor men's children and poor women's children as apprentices to trade, and the relieving of poor people burdened with children, and other charitable uses." The trustees purchased, among other properties, "the manor and farm lands called Gifford's Hall and Clopton Hall in the parish of Wickhambrook," and in the account of the charity in 1768 the value for the year is given: "From tenant at Wickhambrook, £62, and quit rents of the manor of Giffards, £5 2s. 5d." In 1742 one George Chinnery was living here; an inscription on a joist states "G. Chinnery laid this 1742." In 1844 the estate was advertised to be sold by auction at the Angel, Bury St. Edmunds, when it was described as "a desirable freehold estate called Giffords Hall, situate in Wickhambrook and Denston, comprising a substantial dwelling house,

with a malting house, offices, stabling, barn, sheds, etc., together with about 112 acres of excellent arable and pasture land. Also the old established Inn called the 'White Horse' at Wickhambrook." From this time the house passed gradually into a condition of neglect and dilapidation, from which it has happily been rescued by the zeal and good taste of Mr. Fass, who purchased the estate a few years ago and who has made harmonious additions in the rear of the old house, besides carefully restoring the ancient work, cleaning out the moat, and surrounding the house with charming gardens.

The dominating feature of the house is the great timber hall, 26ft. by 18ft., entered through a porch with upper storeys attached to the west side; but the dominance of this hall as a key to the plan is only observable from within, it being one-storeyed, and not carried up into the roof, as in the older type of timber house. Over it is the great chamber, of the same magnificent proportions, both having their long side to the west and the ends north and south. The lighting in both is from the south and west by great transomed windows of seven and five lights, the seven-light windows in the gabled south front (which forms such an effective feature as seen across the moat, with the old brick bridge in the foreground) being projected as a square bay. Much of the leaded glazing in the hall windows is ancient and coeval with the oak frames, which have



FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FIREPLACE IN GREAT CHAMBER.

richly moulded mullions of a good Late Gothic section. These windows also retain their iron stanchions, set anglewise on the inside of the glass, and an iron opening casement in the bottom light. These lower lights have diamond glazing, but the upper lights preserve some charming old pattern glass of squares within octagons; and in the great bay of the south end are the ancient family coats before mentioned, with others denoting alliances. The construction of the hall walls, which governs that of the house generally, can be studied from within as well as without. Enormous oaks must have been felled to supply the great upright baulks, answering to the beams or girders resting thereon, that form the principals, or storey-posts, which divide the hall into three bays. They are no less than 1ft. 4½ins. wide, moulded with the double ogee section on the inside, and tenoned into a substantial ground sill, which is raised above the ground by three courses of thin bricks. The timber framework of the walls, filled in with wattle and daub, rises practically from the ground, and the average thickness is 7ins. The northern end of the house was altered and, perhaps,

shorn of some part of its original construction in the Elizabethan period. It is shown in the fourth of the accompanying photographs, where may be seen the gable-end of the main roof over the hall and great chamber, up which runs a modern chimney. Projecting on the extreme right is the entrance porch, with its doorway in the sheltered northern side; and nearer to the eye is a gabled wing answering to the other, and built or remodelled in the Elizabethan period. This, like the north end of the hall, is rough-casted, and has a picturesque bracketed projection to its upper storey. The buildings on the left are modern—part of the kitchen offices—but so harmonious in materials and design that it needs a practised eye to detect their newness. The view that follows this shows the entirely modern north wing erected by Mr. Fass for his own occupation. This has its own porch, a spacious library on the ground floor and bedrooms above. The timbering (from the district) and the locally-made wrought iron fittings of doors and windows are entirely in keeping with the old work of the house.

PHILIP MAINWARING JOHNSTON.

BEE KEEPING

THE TROUBLES OF A BEGINNER.

ANYONE can keep bees, but it is my opinion that it takes a master to keep them for long. I began in 1918, when most of us were driven to consider whether the food producer was not of more service to his country than the mere man of business. My first step was to place myself in the hands of an expert, and the next was to buy a handbook on bees. I thought, and still think, that in this I acted prudently, and yet as a beekeeper I am a failure. My expert had, it is true, more knowledge than skill in imparting it, but he has a real love of the bees, and some of this, at least, I have caught from him. He can remember the bee-masters of a former age and some of their quaint ceremony; for example, the solemn induction of the new master in his robes of office knocking on the hives of which he was about to take charge and repeating this doggerel:

Little bees, your master's dead,
But I will see you want no bread.

His father before him had kept bees, and he himself still keeps in his apiary a skep hive for the sake of old times. I have never had the courage to ask him whether he has ever taken any honey from it. He starts each season, so he says, with the enthusiasm of a beginner, and I know that he winds up the campaign with a prodigious surplus of honey.

For a time all went well with me. My stock and my "nucleus" prospered in hives of an approved pattern. Armed with a veil and a smoker (the handbook persists in referring to "subjugating cloths" which I have never seen used), I learnt to manipulate frames, to find the queen, and even at last to see her eggs. This latter accomplishment is not quite so simple as it sounds. It is a fact that a member of my bee class went through the season of 1917 with a stock of bees, but without ever having seen an egg. My pride led me at last to give private exhibitions and even to offer advice to others, forgetting that my prosperity was in a great measure due to the supervision of the expert. These private exhibitions generally took the form of showing a friend the nucleus queen. The poor lady must have been sadly embarrassed with the attention she received on Sunday afternoons from week-end visitors. Whether or not she is alive at the present time, after the burglary, I cannot say. But I am anticipating.

My first and only swarm came out in August, and the bees, with great consideration, selected a Sunday afternoon for their excursion. The expert not being available, I ran them back into their own hive, having first transferred two of their frames to the "nucleus," and the strikers were back at work the next day. The swarming fever was arrested for the season, and my vanity was increased. As beekeepers will remember, the honey flow in the summer of 1918 was disappointing—I am speaking of the Surrey North Down country—but the heather came to the rescue in August. Many a "super" that had stood almost empty in June and July began to fill, and by the end of the month I was the proud owner of 15lb. of extracted honey—and such honey, too. The scent of it was enough to recall all the glorious "Twelfths" that have ever been spent on the moors.

Fifteen pounds of honey is not food production on a large scale, but in my pride I said, "This is but a beginning. Next year, with two, or possibly three, stocks, the results will be of real value to the community." But that was before the burglary. To beginners who propose to extract pure heather honey I would give one word of warning: avoid the extractor. I began with an extractor and completed the process with a utensil which is, I understand, used by the cook to "rice" or squeeze potatoes. My beekeeping tragedy opened with a peaceful scene, the bees going into winter quarters—as it might be the tragedy of 1914

opening with a village scene, Russian peasants dancing. Packing bees for the winter is not a complicated process: a few extra quilts, well tucked in, some bee bridges to help the bees as the winter cluster moves from one frame to another, and a cake or two of candy for each hive. At this point in my career the expert left me to my fate and my handbook. He was good enough to say that I was now a self-reliant beekeeper and able to fend for myself. My first difficulty arose with the hives. The wet weather of 1918 was abnormal, but, even so, the hives leaked more than was reasonable. Many quite modern hives have a trick of allowing the wet to syphon in just where the lift fits on to the body box, and mine developed this fault. Common-sense dictated the constant drying of the outside quilts, and no doubt my week-end drying may not have been sufficient. The handbook maintained a masterly silence as to this difficulty. The comic relief was duly supplied by the great gale from the south, which blew off the top of the "nucleus" hive and left the "nucleus" under their quilts, but exposed to a night's heavy rain. Common-sense suggested some heavy stones on the roof, and in this way the stable was securely locked after the horse had been stolen.

Events then happened with greater rapidity. The first signs of acute dysentery appeared in February, on the alighting board of the old stock, and in a few days the greater part of this stock had come out to die in front of their hive. The instinct of cleanliness in the bee is, as everyone knows, highly developed, but there are certain limitations. In their last struggle for existence the bees must not be held responsible for their want of self-control. My hopes were now centred in the "nucleus," which showed no sign of disease and which had gone into winter quarters with nine frames and a heavy store of their own honey. The handbook gives a list of the enemies of bees. In this list are included birds, toads, mice, wasps, moths and others; but no mention is made of burglars. I do not care to dwell on the details. The bald facts are that on a bitter night in March, at about 11.30 p.m., two wandering gipsies—in liquor it is to be hoped—broke into the garden, rifled both hives, and went off with four frames of brood and stores taken from the middle of the "nucleus." In front of the "nucleus" hive were remnants of the combs and a pathetic heap of dead bees; inside was a sullen, hungry roar of bees which were very much alive. In a neighbouring hedge were found pieces of the frame and a lump of honeycomb. Did the bees surrender without a fight? I hope not. Will the thieves be arrested? The local police constable is sanguine of success, and tells me that he has "the case in hand." I am indifferent. My beautiful golden friends are dead, and their mother has probably shared their fate. What could be done I did. With the snow lying thick on the ground I opened the hive and pushed the remaining frames together; on top I placed one of my last cakes of rationed candy, and soon I shall know the worst.

In the Surrey Beekeepers' Association Journal I read—

April, work for the month.

Queenless stocks should be united to a colony having a fertile Queen.

The irony which underlies this advice can scarcely have been intentional. Here ends the first stage of the novice. But once a beekeeper always a beekeeper. Was it not Kipling who wrote of the amateur gardener:

Though every seed was guaranteed,
And every standard true,
Forget, forgive, they did not live,
Believe and buy anew.

I have just bought two new stocks and await with impatience the fruit blossom harvest.

W. S. H.

A CHRISTMAS SHOOT IN EAST AFRICA

I HAD just received the cheerful intelligence that the boat on which I was expecting to embark for Egypt would not be sailing for another ten days at least, and as I had no desire to spend my Christmas in the sweltering heat of Dar-es-Salaam, I decided to ask permission to take a week's shooting in the Highlands. My C.O. in no way objected, and I left by a supply train the same evening, destination unknown, my plan being to get off at the first likely looking bit of country that I saw, and trust to the luck that had carried me safely through two years of the East African Campaign. My armament consisted of a 12-bore Greener shot-gun and a .405 Winchester repeater, and my kit was condensed to a camp bed, valise, cooking utensils, provisions, etc., in charge of my faithful Watita "boy," Maganga.

Two o'clock on the next afternoon found me still on board my cattle truck, the train by that time puffing fussily through the forest-clad mountains that rise from Kilossa to the great Central African tableland. About four o'clock we stopped for water alongside a swampy little lake which, I was quickly informed by one of the natives in charge of the water tanks, swarmed with wild-fowl. Even as we talked a flight of duck passed overhead and, losing no time, I bawled to Maganga to off-load all the kit and prepare to camp here for the night. Near the tanks was a small grass hut, and, with the willing assistance of the local natives, we soon



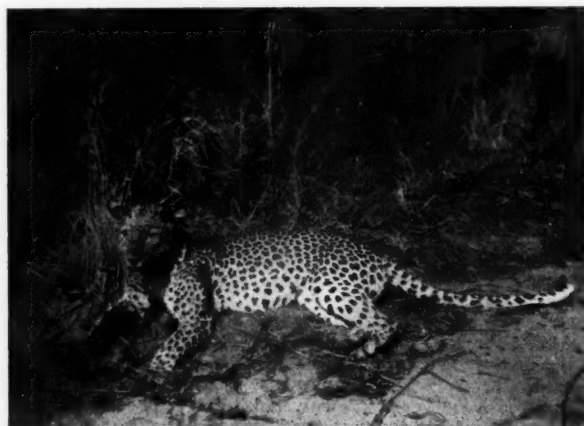
AN OLD GREATER KUDU HEAD FOUND IN THE BUSH.

It was fully ten minutes before the nigger, who was standing near me, touched my arm and whispered: "Bata, Bwana (a duck, master)." He pointed over the trees, and hardly had I spotted it before it was in range. "Bang!" Down it dropped, and the boy rushed excitedly towards where it fell. It proved to be a fine Muscovy drake. Next a brace of teal came over. "Bang! Bang!" I missed them both, and hardly had I reloaded before the whole air became simply alive with birds. In addition to several species of duck, there were huge spur-winged geese, teal, widgeon, coots, moorhens, golden-crested cranes, flamingoes, spoonbills, cormorants, egrets, marabou and many others which I could not identify; and they flew round and round above my head in a most bewildering fashion. I managed to secure a big goose and a brace of black duck, and feeling very satisfied with my first shoot, I strolled back to the hut. Apart from a rather exciting hunt after a scorpion that had managed to get inside my mosquito net, the night passed without incident, and I was up at daybreak in time for the morning fighting. It was a very wonderful sight. There were enough birds to keep a large shooting party occupied for a week, and the sport was excellent. During breakfast a boy came in to say that he had seen a rhinoceros the night before and volunteered to take me

to the place. Crossing the railway line, we soon entered the bush. At first it was not particularly dense, consisting



A SERVAL CAT.



THE TRAPPED LEOPARD.

had this cleaned out and made fit for habitation. While my boy fixed up the bed and made his preparations for cooking dinner, I strolled down to the water's edge with the shot-gun. The lake was exquisitely beautiful, and from its furthest shores the veldt rose up in a series of bush-clad plateaux to the foot of the ragged Mpapua Hills, purple in the softened light of the late afternoon. Heavy storm clouds drifted slowly across the sky, tinted red and saffron where they caught the sun's lowering rays.

So lovely was it all that when the first flight of duck came whistling low over the reeds in which I was standing, they caught me entirely unprepared. I did not fire.

of acacia, mimosa, wait-a-bit thorn, with an occasional bao-baab or candelabra euphorbia. Sparefowl, sandgrouse and guineafowl were abundant, but I dare not fire for fear of frightening the rhinoceros. We picked up the latter's tracks in half an hour, and followed them for nearly six miles, when, because of the increasing density of the bush and my desire to get back to the swamp in time for the evening fighting, I decided to abandon the chase. Hardly had we turned our faces to the camp than we sighted a small herd of impala, just visible through the thorn. It was a moment of intense excitement. Painfully I crawled over the thick carpet of vicious aloes and cacti, and at



AN IMPALA.

last managed to get within range of a very fine ram. I fired at the neck, as this was the only part visible, and the animal dropped with a terrible scream. With his savage instincts all on fire, Maganga rushed forward to deliver the *coup-de-grâce*, and he was just deliberating as to the exact position of the jugular vein when the buck suddenly rose, bent forward its head, and with his sharp horns dealt my worthy slave a mighty blow in the stomach. Poor Maganga went back head over heels into an immense cactus, and it was a very disillusioned nigger who helped to carry the meat back to camp. On the way there we encountered a herd of nearly twenty giraffe. So well were these animals camouflaged with the background of bush that I believe we should have passed them had they not moved. I did not fire, but managed to get a snapshot of a dear little (?) baby, which would not move even when I threw a stick at it. I could now fire at the guinea-fowl and partridges with impunity, so, naturally, there was not a bird to be seen.

Later in the afternoon I tried the swamp once more, but somehow or other I could not get a single bird to rise. I therefore determined to wade in, after ascertaining from natives that there were no crocodiles. The water was pleasantly warm, and soon the sport commenced to improve. A small flight of teal came over: I managed to kill one, and it dropped with a splash 20 yds. out towards the middle of the lake. Moving as quickly as I could towards the place where it fell, I was surprised to see no sign of it; then I was suddenly horrified to see something moving rapidly through the water towards me—something was wriggling and splashing behind it. Heavens! it was a crocodile! I was then up to my middle in water and the reeds were so thick that rapid movement was impossible. I therefore determined to stand my ground and trust to the shot-gun. For a second the object stopped, and then I saw that what I had mistaken for a crocodile was my duck, with an enormous snake trying to make away with it. I fired with choke barrel, and the great tail lashed the water with fury and then settled down.

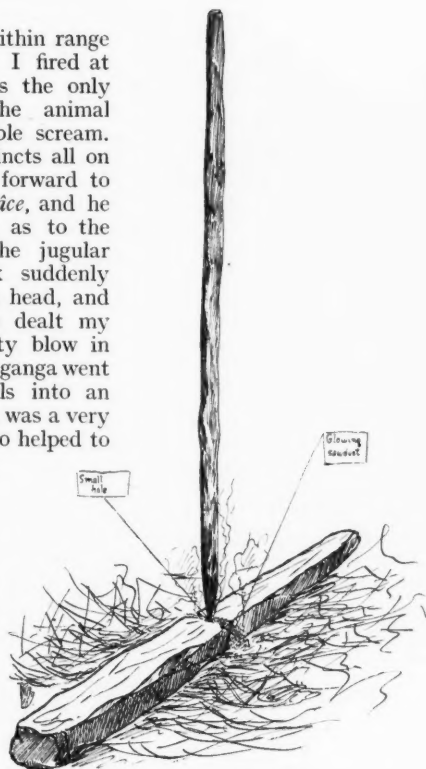


Diagram illustrating method of making fire.



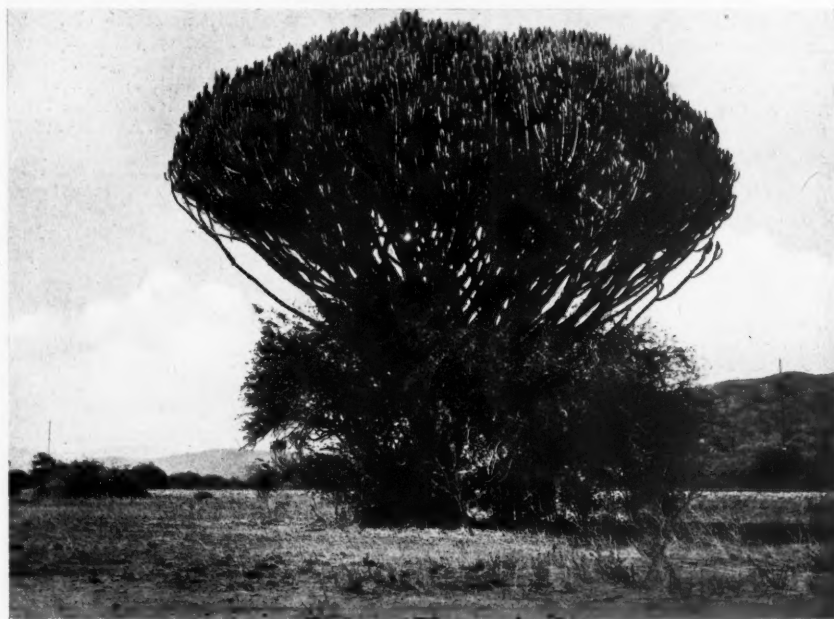
NATIVES MAKING FIRE.

It turned out to be a python measuring 12ft. in length, and after that I decided to do all my shooting from the shore and from an unwieldy pontoon boat that some thoughtful Hun had left behind. The local natives (of the Magoggo tribe) seemed to be very poor hunters, although they have a very ingenious way of catching wildfowl. Selecting those parts of the lake shore where there are no reeds, they make little thorn fences running in from the water's edge. In these fences are occasional gaps, in each of which is set a snare. Rather than take the trouble to fly over the fence, the birds waddle through the gaps, with suicidal results. I saw a very fine egret caught in this way, and very much to the surprise of the niggers I set it free, compensating the owner of the trap for its loss with a fine spur-winged goose which had the misfortune to fly overhead at that moment. I tried to explain the sporting instinct to the local chief, who had arrived on the scene, but fear that I made little impression upon him.

The following day was Christmas, and late in the afternoon I set about the preparation of my Christmas dinner. The duck I had shot on the first day were now in perfect condition. I stuffed

them with onions, and while they roasted in front of the blazing wood fire I fried some potatoes and warmed up my Y.M.C.A. Christmas pudding. Within an hour my Christmas dinner was spread on my bed inside the hut. I had a bottle of sherry and a bottle of "Johnny Walker," and the memory of that meal brings tears to my eyes as I write. Before sundown I strolled down to the lake, and although there were more birds than I had ever seen before, I could not hit anything for some reason or other.

On Boxing Day I left the lake to go after a large bull elephant that had been playing havoc in a village some thirty-five miles away. I reached the village by evening, to find that this delightful old Hun had put another fourteen miles between himself and possible vengeance. I spent the night at the village and left at 4 a.m. next morning. It was a very tough job following the elephant's tracks in the starlight, and I was glad when the sun arose. The country through which we passed was very mountainous and clad in dense bush, through which only an elephant or a tank could pass. At ten o'clock I was forced to abandon



A CANDELABRA EUPHORBIA.

the hunt, as my leave was nearly up and I dare not spend a night in the bush. Deciding to make some coffee, I was annoyed to find that I had no matches. The old Magoggo gentlemen I had with me, however, were not at all put out by that, and proceeded to make a fire in a very ingenious way. One of them collected some dry tinder, while the others prepared two sticks, one about 1 ft. in length and pencil-pointed, the other short and square in section. In the centre of the short stick was bored a tiny hole, with a deep nick on each side, and it was placed in the tinder hole uppermost. Two or three grains of sand were placed in the hole, the point of the first stick inserted and rotated rapidly between the palms of the hands of the niggers, who worked alternately. Quickly a woolly kind of sawdust commenced to work out of the hole, and fall, by way of the nicks, on to the tinder. This sawdust was glowing red, and within three-quarters of a minute of the start of operations a roaring fire was made. Those sticks are still in my possession. We arrived at the village by sundown, just in time to see a very fine leopard that the chief had caught in a gin (given to him by a local

German missionary). The animal was still alive, and before shooting it I took its picture.

I walked back to the lake on the following day. Spoor of Greater Kudu was abundant everywhere, and I picked up a very fine skull from which the vultures and red ants had long since picked off every particle of flesh and horn. There was lion spoor, too, but I saw nothing to shoot at except a dik-dik and a few guineafowl. Early next morning I was awakened by a strange coughing noise, and leapt out of bed just in time to see a serval cat walking off with the carcass of the dik-dik I had shot the day before. Before I had time to seize my rifle, one of the natives who had been sleeping near my camp fire threw his spear and, at a range which, when I measured it later, proved to be 22 yds., brought the animal down as neatly as a crack shot could have done it with a target rifle.

I spent the remainder of my leave shooting around the lake, and returned to Dar-es-Salaam with a bag of fifteen brace of duck, six and a half brace of geese, four and a half brace of guineafowl, and a few snipe, quail and partridge. A day later I sailed for good old "Blighty." LEO WALMSLEY.

ON THE GREEN

By BERNARD DARWIN.

THE PROFESSIONALS AND THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP.

IT is announced that a two days' Open Tournament will be held at St. Andrews in June under the auspices of the Professional Golfers Association and with the approval of the St. Andrews Green Committee. The P.G.A. originally approached the Provost of St. Andrews. He very wisely handed the matter over to those whose business it was, namely, the Statutory Committee of St. Andrews Links, a body consisting of five members of the Royal and Ancient Green Committee and two representatives of the town. Quite apart from the intrinsic interest of such a competition, this tournament has what may be termed a political interest of its own. It may be taken to represent the professionals' protest against there being no Open Championship this year and their substitute for it.

The decision of the six ruling clubs not to hold the Championship has been much criticised, and a good deal of sympathy has been felt and expressed for the professionals, who get their bread and butter from the game and naturally regard the Championship as an event of business as well as sporting importance. The holding of this tournament must help to accentuate and to justify the criticisms that have been passed. What one body does another can do, and if this tournament can be held, why could not the Championship be held? That is the question that must suggest itself to the man in the street, and it is difficult to find an answer to it. Until the answer is found, it is likewise difficult to acquit the authorities of being something too lethargic in the matter. In point of fact, they first erred probably in the other direction: they made up their minds too soon after the Armistice that the Championship could not be held. At the time their decision may have been a wise one. Not only was Deal, the course next in rotation, out of the question, since only twelve holes were available for play, but the difficulties of labour, catering and caddies, and of putting a green in sufficiently good order, loomed naturally very large. Circumstances changed, however. The trouble as to Deal could have been overcome by playing at St. Andrews, and the others have, in fact, proved less formidable than they once appeared. But the decision of the authorities, which might well have been only provisional, has not changed, and that is where the lethargy seems to come in. Granted a little more "push and go," there might surely have been an Open Championship in June.

We cannot help suspecting that some of the six clubs on whose courses the Open Championship is played do not at the moment regard their privilege with any great enthusiasm. If this be so, the feeling is intelligible. A championship meeting involves a vast lot of hard work on the members of the club, a good deal of expense, and much wear and tear of the links. Two hundred players or so come down on the course like an avalanche: the country must be scoured for caddies for them, and responsible markers must be provided. Members of the club, who would dearly love to take perhaps their one chance of seeing the big men play, sacrifice themselves and trail round the course, keeping the scores of two players who are good enough golfers in ordinary company, but in a championship wholly negligible. All this and much more of the same kind may be perfectly true. Such views are not unnatural, but they ought not to influence decisions. We must not forget that *noblesse oblige*. As long as these six clubs manage the Championship they must do so wholeheartedly and with reasonable energy. Some of their members may be tempted to say "Take the Championship to some other club and we wish them joy of it," but we most earnestly hope they will not yield to temptation. Other clubs could no doubt be found to offer their courses, but the Championship, which has a fine

tradition behind it, would lose not a little in dignity and prestige. It is conceivable that some clubs would give their courses, we will not say for purposes of advertisement, but with a little too much seeking after their own honour and glory, and that is not at all desirable. Again, the government of the Championship might under such circumstances tend to pass more and more under professional influence. With all possible respect to an excellent body of men, that has never yet proved an advantage in any game. Sympathy between the professional and the best kind of amateur is essential to a game's best interests. And so, if there is any such feeling such as has been suggested, we do devoutly hope that it will be put resolutely aside.

As to the professionals' point of view, there is also a word to be said. They have the general golfing public with them in the matter. They have shown themselves capable of energetic organisation, and this tournament at St. Andrews will probably be a considerable success. There has been, as far as we know, no hint of calling it an "Open Championship," and we trust there never will be. To attempt to call it so would be to throw down a most indiscreet gauntlet, and must cause some form of schism or "split." That would be infinitely unfortunate for the game and, though the more hot-headed might not momentarily think so, for the professionals themselves. They want the friendship and sympathy of amateurs; at present they have it.

INCREASED EXPENDITURE IN GOLF CLUBS.

THE ROYAL WEST NORFOLK GOLF CLUB, better known by the name of Brancaster, are losing Mr. E. A. Pawle, who, after twenty years of valuable service to the club as Secretary and Treasurer, has been elected Secretary at Coombe Hill. When making this announcement with great regret the Club Committee have also addressed the members on a subject which must soon be of pressing interest to all clubs, namely, the great increase of expenditure upon the club and green. The figures are very instructive. In 1913 the expenditure on the green, wages and so forth was about £800. It is believed that at the present rate of wages the same work would cost £1,400. At the same time it is estimated that there must be met an increase "in cost of other services and expenses" of a further £400 over and above last year's expenditure of £800. In all, therefore, the club is faced with a total estimated expenditure of £2,600, while the total receipts in 1918 was a little over £1,100.

This is clearly an impossible state of things, and the general meeting of the club had to consider three courses: to cut down expenditure to the level of present income, to raise subscriptions, or—a last resource—to wind up the club and start afresh. It was decided to adopt the second course and to communicate with members asking them to agree to increase their subscriptions. The subscription at Brancaster has always been a small one, and it is now only proposed to have a uniform subscription of £3 3s.

This case must be typical of many clubs, and there is one comment that one feels inclined to make. In seaside clubs there are two classes of members—those who live in the neighbourhood and play constantly, and those who come down only once or twice a year for meetings. It would seem that in such cases the local members might well agree to pay the higher subscription of the two.

I have some more interesting figures from a well known inland golf club where there is already a high subscription and things are done on a big scale. Before the war the annual expenditure was about £2,200. It is estimated that, assuming the same amount of labour and material as in 1914, there will

be an increase this year of £1,330. This increase is made up as follows: Wages, £880; horse fodder, £185; sand, manure, dressings, etc., £100; repairs, renewals, stores, etc., £60; repairs to mowers, £75; and sundries, a modest £30.

At another club I know there were before the war a house staff of seven and a green staff of fourteen or fifteen. The house staff was virtually reduced to two with occasional help, and the green was kept in such order as was possible by two old gentlemen nearing seventy apiece and one or two small boys. Yet that club thinks that it has done well to have a loss on last year of only £120 or so.

At Woking there was a very good system in practice before the war by which much of the work on the green was done by caddies. In the weekdays when there was comparatively little play a picked dozen or so of them worked regularly on the green unless they were needed to carry clubs. At the week-end they all carried. Thus they were never idle: they did not learn

to loaf, and they did learn much that would be useful to them if they wanted to become gardeners or do other work on the land. Those boys were nearly of an age that to-day would give them the minimum agricultural wage. That is prohibitive, and there must, apparently, be less work on the course, or it must be done by smaller boys.

It would be interesting to have figures from other clubs. All must, I imagine, have the same story to tell, with modifications, and it seems inevitable that the question of increased subscriptions will have to be faced. The amount of it must depend on particular circumstances in each case. It must also depend on how far the club members think themselves capable of prophesying as to the rate of wages in the future. At the moment too sudden a rise would probably frighten away too large a number of members and would not be advisable. But many of us shall probably have to harden our hearts to pay at least another guinea to begin with and more to come.

THE COMING LAWN TENNIS SEASON

By F. R. BURROW.

WILL lawn tennis, in 1919, enjoy the same popularity among players and among spectators as that to which it had, increasingly year by year, attained in 1914? The answer (as they say in the House) is in the affirmative. And a very emphatic affirmative, too. Though the two meetings which have already been held—the Covered Courts Championships at Queen's Club and the Hard Court Tournament at Roehampton—are scarcely lawn tennis in the sense in which the summer tournament player regards the game, they yet gave ample proof both that there are plenty of good players about, though not for the present at the top of their form, and that the game, as a spectacle, is more attractive than ever.

Next Monday the grass court tournament season—lawn tennis proper—opens at Surbiton. Thenceforward there is no week without at least one tournament till the mammoth meeting at Eastbourne—the Mecca of tournament players—in effect finishes the season in September. Though the list is not quite so long as in 1914, it includes about eighty meetings (there are ten in one week in August), so that players will only be limited in their choice by the length of their purses.

On June 23rd begins the "Championship Fortnight" at Wimbledon, whose courts have seen the whole history of lawn tennis developed on them. There will be for ever a four years' lacuna in the list of champions; but there is no reason to doubt that the first to win the title now that the game restarts after

the war will be in every way worthy to join the long line of his predecessors. And it is not at all unlikely that the two singles championships will not change hands, for both Norman Brookes and Mrs. Lambert Chambers will defend their titles.

But Wimbledon is a month and more away yet. Of more immediate interest will be to watch, at the various tournaments round London during the next month, how our home players are shaping in their gradual return to form, and how they will fare on grass against the advance guard of American, Australian and South African players already in England. The French,

Belgian and other foreign players—there will be no Germans this summer, at any rate—do not usually come over until just before Wimbledon; but our English-speaking visitors have already nearly exhausted the reporters' lists of

eulogistic adjectives, and though some apparently adjective-proof player has occasionally stopped their progress, they have done enough to show that it will take our best players all their time to beat them.

Of our best players there have already been seen on the court A. H. Lowe, A. R. F. Kingscote, A. E. Beamish, T. M. Mavrogordato, P. M. Davson and M. J. G. Ritchie—all of them, except the last

two named, short of practice. J. C. Parke will make a first appearance this year at the Northern Championships on June 3rd, and there is a happy rumour that Frank Riseley will be seen on the court at Wimbledon. The bright particular star of our Australian visitors as a singles player is G. L. Patterson, who has taken Norman Brookes for his model and has already startled one old-time player into suggesting that it is time the laws of the game were altered. Like most young players he is vigorous in attack, but it has already been proved that his defence is not impregnable. That Brookes has chosen him for his partner for the Doubles Championship is a better testimony to his abilities than the compliments which have been showered upon him since his arrival here, but there are one or two other Australian pairs who might give them trouble—Doust and Dunlop or A. B. Jones, for example; or Heath and Lycett—to say nothing of a French or American pair. But there is no doubt that in this season's lawn tennis "Australia will be there!" English doubles, I am afraid, are at a very low ebb. No Renshaws, no Baddeleys, no Dohertys nowadays: we sadly want more pairs of brothers—and especially of twins!

The best American here at present is W. M. Washburn, and his partner in doubles, Matthey, is also a fine player. They will be reinforced later on by R. N. Williams, and probably some



MR. G. L. PATTERSON.



MISS L. LENGLEN.

others from the States, and will be a very useful party. With L. Raymond, G. H. Dodd and R. I. C. Norton to represent her, South Africa is also likely to make a good showing in this year's tournaments.

If the home country is not so strong in first-class men players as one could wish, it is unlikely that the Ladies' Championship, at any rate, will go out of the country. Mrs. Lambert Chambers holds all home players, with the possible exception of Mrs. Larcombe, safe; and it is not easy to imagine Mlle. Lenglen, the French wonder-child of five years ago, or Miss Molla Bjurstedt, the American lady champion, beating her, though both are coming over for Wimbledon. Many have tried to discover the weak point in Mrs. Chambers' armour, and have been reluctantly forced to the conclusion that she has none. And to-day she is playing better than ever.

But whoever may win championships and whoever may

think they ought to have won them, the coming season should provide—given real summer weather—any amount of excitement and of first-class play. The game is developing fast, thanks to its spread all over the world. Young players, now more than ever, are discarding old traditions and exploiting new strokes and new tactics. Whether the old methods will be good enough to withstand the attacks of the new remains to be proved; but if they do so it will be because they are backed up by a longer experience and by a more equable temperament. The contest between the two is likely to be keener than ever, for the new men with the new game will not be denied, and sooner or later they will come into their own.

There is a saying that it takes ten years to make a champion. There is a deal of sound truth in this, but if ever there was an unrivalled opportunity for a young player to knock a hole in the theory it is afforded by the season of 1919.

NATURE NOTES

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE EAGLE FROM NORTHERN ENGLAND AND SOUTHERN SCOTLAND.

THE king of birds seems gradually to have vanished from the upland regions of Westmorland, Cumberland and South-Western Scotland. I have been informed that amid the vast heights of the Highland Counties—chiefly owing to the beneficent, preservative measures of the father and grandfather of the present Duke of Sutherland (one of whom at least I knew and admired)—they still exist, and have even of late years considerably increased, though I greatly fear that the democratic influence of recent legislation threatens them with extinction.

Regarding the disappearance of the eagle from Southern Scotland, Mr. A. L. McConnochie, an enthusiastic amateur naturalist, writes to me as follows:

"In April, 1833, an eagle made a swoop at a shepherd's dogs near Loch Skene, in Dumfriesshire. The shepherd seized the opportunity of throwing a stone at the eagle, with the result that it was brought to the ground. About 1837 on Star Farm, in the Parish of Strainton, Ayrshire, there was an eyrie on an islet in a loch; in it were the remains of poultry, lambs and moor-game. A youth swam to the eyrie and brought away an eaglet, tethering it upon the shores of the loch. Then he set traps, with the result that both the parent birds were captured—the female by the leg, the male by the claw. The latter made off with the trap, which weighed seven pounds, and crossed the loch thus handicapped—only to be recaptured."

According to Sir Herbert Maxwell (who has probably done more for the preservation of our noblest birds than any man within the limits of the British Empire), it is not long since the eagle disappeared from the mountains of Minnigaff in the County of Kirkcudbright. With reference to an article on Loch Enoch—a large tarn on the higher slopes of the Merrick—which appeared, not long since, in a Gallovidian journal, Sir Herbert recently wrote to me as follows: "I doubt not that the writer of the contribution on Loch Enoch and its environment mistook, as you have suggested, the buzzards for eagles. I have often done so myself in the Pyrenees, for the birds are very like each other on the wing, especially when they are soaring high in the air, with no object to indicate their relative size. The golden eagles disappeared—i.e., were shot—

after rearing young in those hills in 1836. A pair returned, six or seven years ago, and built an eyrie on the old ground. One egg was laid; the hen sat dutifully upon it, but it came to nought; and one at least of the pair was shot near Kirkcudbright in the following year. *Sic transit gloria avium Gallovidiensium!*"

DAVID R. WILLIAMSON.

ANTLERS.

It is now the close season for hunting the wild red deer on Exmoor and the hounds will not be out again until the end of July or the beginning of August. The hinds have domestic duties to attend to, and the stags are shedding their antlers and starting the new growth. Men whose business takes them across the moors prod and search in the heather on the chance of finding the dropped trophies, and they are lucky if they can succeed in

discovering a matched pair, for the stags rarely lose both antlers on the same spot. I find in an old note book some sketches made at the Zoological Gardens some years ago showing the growth of the new horns week by week. I intended to note them until they were fully grown, but unfortunately for my purpose the stag which I was studying died. It is impossible to make studies of the different stags in their wild state, for the stags seclude themselves as much as possible during the period.

The velvety skin which covers the horns in the stages of growth is soft and

hot to the touch, for the blood courses freely through the vascular integument. When the horn has fully developed, the supply of blood gradually ceases by some process, about which there is a difference of opinion among experts, and the dry skin strips or is rubbed off. It is not unusual to see an August stag with the dry "velvet" hanging from his antlers like wisps of straw.—F. C. G.

A RAT'S SUMMER HOUSE.

A grey rat of unusual size had found for himself very comfortable quarters and settled happily for the summer under a disused chicken coop in the grounds of the cottage where the writer has been staying.

Then one day the woman of the house bethought herself to prepare the coops for a prospective generation of roosters, and on removing the last coop this huge rat bounded out and struck up a running fight with the small Skye terrier accompanying



April 24th



May 1st



May 15th



May 29th

7cc

THE GROWTH OF THE NEW ANTLERS.

the woman. The terrier was inexperienced in handling rats, and the ferocious brute succeeded in climbing a tree, from which it was dislodged by means of a broom. Twice it turned in an attitude of aggression against its human assailant, but the dog occupied most of its time, and finally the fight closed with the terrier on top and the rat underneath. The tables, however, were quickly turned, and the terrier beat a retreat with the rat clinging to his nose; finally the latter retreated to another tree, into which it climbed like a squirrel. The brute was again dislodged, and this time the terrier, dripping blood, but having gained experience, worried the brute in proper style.

Under the coop was found the comfortable residence—comfortable, that is, from the rat's point of view—complete with bedroom and larder. The bed consisted of dry leaves, with which the whole space under the coop had been carpeted for warmth. There were two entrances or exits, adjacent to each of which was a mound of leaves; these functioned evidently as draught excluding doors, being virtually self closing. Two other holes, which would have admitted draught and served no useful purpose, had been solidly stopped with twigs, and it was interesting to note that the nest was placed in the most sheltered position possible. H. MORTIMER BATTEN.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A History of American Literature. Vol. II. (Cambridge University Press.)

THE first volume of this notable book deals with the beginnings of American literature, and beginnings are, like babies, difficult to distinguish one from another. In the second volume we have studies of the formed and finished American writers. They are no longer British authors who happen to live in America, but of a nationality of their own. The United States has succeeded in developing a character which stands out among nations as distinctly as the character of France, of Germany, of Russia or England. To this is in some measure due the individuality of the writers, though there is something in the reverse of this proposition that the individuality of the writers helped to make the individuality of the United States. At any rate, a time came when the authors on the other side of the Atlantic ceased to be tied to the British tradition and began to form one of their own. The very first dealt with in this book is Thoreau, of whom Emerson said "no truer American existed." Thoreau disliked anything that reminded him of Europe. Even his name, which must have been French in origin, he did not like to hear pronounced in the French manner. Anybody who called him "Toro" was guilty of offence. He had the English value given to the diphthong. Thoreau was not only typically American, but he is one easy to write about, and his teaching is almost a gospel with certain classes in this country. He was a man to whom life appeared at first in the guise of a most complicated problem. He likened it to an algebraic equation in which a vast number of multiplications, subtractions and divisions were involved. In early life he was a schoolmaster, and there is just a touch of the dominie in the way he likens his solution of the life problem to the treatment of an algebraic equation. In order to solve the latter the mathematician begins by reducing it to the simplest possible terms, and goes on until he finds the exact value of that x which eludes the search of the neophyte. "Walden" supplies his answer to the solution of life. It was a deliberate effort to shake off complacencies. It succeeded in his case because he was ascetic by nature. In the excellent little essay before us the writer says that he went to woods very much in the same spirit as the mediæval hermit took to his cell, renouncing, so to speak, the Devil and all his works, along with all the sinful works of the flesh. The cynic, perhaps, may say it was easy for him because he loved simple things, preferred a dish of vegetables to a banquet, seemed to be born without the desire of money, and had no natural inclination towards marriage or, indeed, towards the other sex at all. The only approach to a hint of anything of the kind in his works is the story of a woman who wanted to marry him—a thing he thought tragic. Robert Louis Stevenson called him a shirker, but that was unfair to a man who had worked out his philosophy for years. When a student he astounded his teachers by holding that people should work on the seventh or Sabbath day of the week, and devote the rest to idleness and contemplation. His dream of success was

to be nature looking into nature with such easy sympathy as the blue-eyed grass in the meadow looks in the face of the sky.

This is a note that is not exactly new to literature in the English language, but it is utterance with a distinctive character of its own.

Hawthorne was original in a different way. He is perhaps less of an American than of a man who would have stood on his own feet and been himself whatever were the circumstances of his birth. In a sense he was the most creative of all American writers, and the very name Nathaniel Hawthorne suggests a type of imaginative writing, just as a word like Chaucer, Spenser, Coleridge, Byron

Tennyson, each suggest a type of poetry. Byronic, Tennysonian, Spenserian, Chaucerian, to say nothing of Shakespearean, have become useful and exact adjectives in the language of literary discussion. So Nathaniel Hawthorne's name indicates a special style of literature.

The same critical remark would not have been applied to Emerson, although Emerson, metaphorically speaking, has all the external American features. He was a great writer, a great thinker, but it was rather on lines laid down for him than on lines he struck out for himself, as we think no one would question. But at the moment we are endeavouring rather to detect the firstfruits of purely American imagination than to arrange a set of authors in their order of merit.

It is impossible to omit Longfellow from this point of view. If Emerson was a weaker Carlyle, Longfellow is describable as a weaker Tennyson. Yet he performed many services for American literature, of which perhaps the most valuable was the preservation of Indian legends in "Hiawatha." We do not care for the hexameter of "Evangeline." We still must realise it to help the position that an authentic picture does in regard to history. There was a time when "The Golden Legend" had the effect of enchantment upon English readers, and one has heard people of very high cultivation rave about it. But they speak of a world into which the present writer at all events was never able to peep. By accident "Preciosa" was one of the books presented to an insatiable appetite for reading, and there must have been something about it to leave the persistent impression which is almost unfading. At least one passage of it deserves more quotation than it has received. "Mother, mother, what does marriage mean?" "It means to spin, to bear children and to weep, my daughter."

Edgar Allan Poe is a truer representative of his country than Longfellow could possibly be. We must endorse the following appreciation of his poetry:

Poe's critical doctrines find their best exemplification in his own poems. He is, first of all, a poet of beauty, paying little heed to morality, or to the life of his fellow-men. He is, in the second place, a master craftsman, who has produced a dozen poems of a melody incomparable so far as the western world is concerned; and he has achieved an all but flawless construction of the whole in such poems as *The Raven*, *The Haunted Palace* and *The Conqueror Worm*; while in *The Bells* he has performed a feat in onomatopœia quite unapproached before or since in the English language. He is, moreover, one of the most original of poets. And the best of his verse exhibits a spontaneity and finish and perfection of phrase, as well as, at times, a vividness of imagery that it is difficult to match elsewhere in American poetry.

It was the realisation of this that made those who preach Art for Art's sake take such delight in Poe. With him poetry was everything. Perhaps it may be said that beauty of diction was enough to satisfy him. Such things as "Annabel Lee," "The Haunted Palace" and "Ulalume" charm the ear and linger in the memory with such sweetness that it is difficult to realise the vast gap lying between perfect explanation and perfect thought.

Whatever criticism may be passed on these pillars of modern American literature, it will readily be allowed that they are men to be proud of. What is of more consequence, they left American literature standing on its own feet. In prose fiction, now that the early crudity has been got rid of, it has given the world several distinguished names, of which perhaps that of Mr. Henry James ought to be placed highest, and, despite his passionate attachment to France and England, he was at the root as truly an American as Thoreau himself. In verse the progress has not been so marked, perhaps because it has been so much under the patronage of the cheap journals, which encourage the bizarre, the theatrical, the sentimental and all kinds of mischievous shams. After a fine start in poetry there has come a period of relapse.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE CHARTERHOUSE LANDS: IMPORTANT SALES.

ANOTHER chapter in the eventful and fascinating history of the Charterhouse is opening, and its nature may be inferred from the fact that the name of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley is prominent in it. The Governors, with the consent of the Charity Commissioners, are to sell 7,575 acres in Wiltshire, Essex, Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire, producing just over £7,500 a year. The charity has a large revenue, but it needs it, for there is the school at Godalming, whither it was transferred nearly fifty years ago, and the still existing home for "eighty poor brethren" on the borders of the City and Clerkenwell. The charity owed much to a Lincolnshire merchant, Thomas Sutton, who made a large fortune in the sixteenth century out of victualling the army and navy. The 7,575 acres now in the market will be submitted locally, towards the end of July, and there are farms and small holdings of the highest class, the sale ranking as one of the most important yet arranged this year.

BORROW'S RETICENCE ABOUT RUTHIN CASTLE.

Mr. James Buchanan's Scatwell and Cabaan estates of 8,660 acres, seven miles from Strathpeffer, have been sold by private treaty by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, before the auction, which was to have taken place next month at Hanover Square. The firm has also effected the sale of the house and grouse moor of 6,277 acres on the Egglestone estate, to Sir William Cresswell Gray, for £78,600. Besides those portions, 2,740 acres also passed into new hands at the auction at Darlington. On June 16th, at Hanover Square, the firm is to offer 50,000 acres of Lord Lovat's Inverness-shire estates, and at an early date, in conjunction with Messrs. Frank Lloyd and Sons, the Ruthin Castle and Llanarmon estates of over 11,000 acres in Denbighshire. As Borrow remarks, in Chapter XIV of "Wild Wales": "The town and castle of Ruthyn possess great interest for me from being connected with the affairs of Owen Glendower. . . . It was at the castle of Ruthyn that Lord Grey dwelt, a minion of Henry the Fourth and Glendower's deadliest enemy." He adds elsewhere: "The original castle suffered terribly in the Civil Wars; it was held for wretched Charles, and was nearly demolished by the cannon of Cromwell, which were planted on a hill about half a mile distant. The present castle is partly modern and partly ancient. It belongs to a family of the name of W—, who reside in the modern part, and who have the character of being kind, hospitable and intellectual people." It was very good of him to say so, and so the present writer found Colonel Cornwallis West on visiting him there some years ago, but why should Borrow have been so reticent about mentioning the owner's name? Perhaps the place overawed him. It is certainly a very imposing and beautiful estate, and its possession must inevitably confer upon anyone considerable importance in the Principality.

Preliminary announcement is made of Major Marshall's intention to sell Walsham House, with 270 acres, a sporting estate between Farnham and Godalming. The many small but well placed coverts are full of pheasants, and there is capital trout fishing. The house stands high, with views of Hindhead and Blackdown. Meadvale and Woodcroft, Redhill, are to be sold at Hanover Square on June 17th, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Harrie Stacey and Son. The Priory, Martyr Worthy, a Queen Anne house with 25 acres, close to Winchester, has been privately sold by Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker.

Bucksteep Manor House and Little Bucksteep Farm, a Tudor farmhouse with fine oak staircase and doggerel exhortations to the occupiers of the various bedrooms to lead good lives, have been sold by Messrs. Chapman and Martin, who will offer the remaining portion of the property at Hailsham on June 4th, including a small Tudor manor house and farms.

A DORSET COAST RESORT.

Perhaps with reminiscences of another place one always associates architectural excellence with the name Plaw Hatch, and without being disappointed in the case of the Bishop Stortford residence of that name, which Messrs. Hampton and Sons are selling on June 3rd. A fortnight later the firm sells Chatley, Wiltshire, with 27 acres, and The Croft, East Grinstead, and on June 24th, St. George's, Ampthill, with eight acres. Durlston Park, Swanage, will be sold at Bournemouth on June 11th, as a whole or in lots. The 236 acres occupy an ideal position on the Dorset Coast, and in enterprising hands the estate would be capable of formation into a first-class residential centre. There is no better guarantee of rational development than the exercise of proprietary rights, and a buyer to-day would be able to mould the place to his own liking. That delightful old Queen Anne house at Wallingford, Castle Priory, is for sale by order of executors, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons on June 17th. Their other sales, some in the next week or two, include nine delightful country houses, illustrated in the Supplement to COUNTRY LIFE (page xxiv) last week.

SIR JOHN WOOD'S FORREST ESTATE.

Messrs. Castiglione and Scott have been instructed by Sir John Wood, M.P., to sell Forrest, his sporting estate of 25,000 acres in Kirkcudbrightshire. The buyers will take over the acclima-

tised sheep stocks. The estate of Dutton Manor, 3,870 acres, producing £4,630 a year, and embracing seventy-five farms, with mansion overlooking the Ribble Valley and the hills, is shortly coming under the hammer of Messrs. Castiglione and Scott at Preston. The firm's other sales include the 37,000 acres of the Haddo House estate, Aberdeenshire, and the Barton Court and Colwall Park estates, just south-west of the Malvern Hills. The Colwall Park racecourse, with five meetings a year under National Hunt rules, is on the latter estate. Messrs. Castiglione and Scott's list also includes the stately mansion of Oakley Park, Suffolk, with 7,400 acres. Already the private sales on the Haddo House estate exceed £100,000.

The Consett estates, including Crosby Court, 4,750 acres, between Northallerton and Thirsk, are coming under the hammer of Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners in the former town next month in lots. Another important auction in June (2nd and 3rd) at Rugby affording an excellent opportunity to those seeking large and small farms and hunting boxes, is that to be held by Messrs. May and Rowden and Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, on behalf of Mr. S. J. Waring, of 4,000 acres on the Dunchurch estate, three miles from the famous school.

THE ASCERTAINMENT OF MARKET VALUE.

Without perusal of the conditions of sale it is hardly safe to assume that "entirely without reserve" at the head of an advertisement means that the property will be sold to the highest bidder. But if it does mean that, then there are two or three in the market on those terms. To offer property in that way is not so "sacrificial"—to use a favourite word of the old type of auctioneer—as it seems. Given plenty of publicity in advance, the competitors may be relied upon to see that the true market value is reached before the hammer has to fall. Messrs. Giddy and Giddy announce a Bexley residence and land "entirely without reserve" for sale next Wednesday (May 21st). Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. will sell Gorstage Hall, a Georgian house in Weaverham, at Crewe on June 9th, and a week later in London the firm will offer Mr. W. A. Thornton's West Sussex estate of 535 acres, The Lock House, Partridge Green, noted for its Sussex cattle. One of their auctions, that of Goldicote, near Leamington, by order of the Hon. Claude Portman, is fixed for as far ahead as October. A shorthorn herd has flourished on the estate for many years. Limpsfield Grange, near Oxted, 32 acres, comes under the firm's hammer on June 17th. The Fishery, a pretty house at Mapledurham, with three small islands in the Thames, is to be sold on May 31st by Messrs. Nicholas. Besides the greater part of the town of Shaftesbury, to be sold on May 27th, 28th and 29th, Messrs. Fox and Sons are offering Netherton Hall, near Honiton, 1,586 acres, on May 24th, and other important properties. Outlying portions of Lady Shelley-Rolls' Hendre estate are for sale at Monmouth on May 27th by Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co., and on June 3rd at Lewes Messrs. Powell and Co. will sell the Warren estate at Chailey. Extensive properties in Cheshire and Salop, with 1,960 acres near Preston, will be dealt with by Messrs. Boulton, Son and Maples on various dates from May 20th onwards. At the Great White Horse Hotel, Ipswich, itself in the market, Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co. are to offer Stoke Park, 1,000 acres, on May 26th.

At the same hostelry Messrs. Arthur Rutter, Sons and Co. will, on May 27th, sell Cockerells Hall, a comparatively small house but of great charm, with 208 acres, at Buxhall. Pyrgo Park, where Queen Elizabeth was living when she received news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and Surrey, Devon and other properties will be dealt with at auction during the next few weeks by Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons.

The Kinlochewe estate, Ross and Cromarty, is for sale through Messrs. J. and F. Anderson, W.S., of Edinburgh. It embraces 41,000 acres of deer forest, average bag seventy-five stags, and 19,000 acres of grouse moor averaging 450 brace. It overlooks Loch Maree, renowned for its salmon and sea trout, and the fishing in the river Kinlochewe is first rate. A rental of £2,000 has been obtained in previous years for the season's sporting, and the net rental of the estate, on a reduced basis owing to the war, amounts to £1,710.

SUCCESSIVE OWNERS OF TYMPERLEYS.

Colonel Freeman, C.M.G., is the present occupier of Tymperley's, Gilbert's beautiful Elizabethan house at Colchester, referred to in COUNTRY LIFE a week ago, and he is courteously allowing prospective purchasers to view the house by appointment or upon presentation of an order to view, obtainable from Mr. F. S. Daniell, who will sell the property at Colchester on Wednesday, June 4th, on behalf of the late Mr. J. F. Potter's executors. The exceptional interest of the house makes it worth while to quote the following passage from the "History and Antiquities of Colchester" (1748): "Dr. William Gilbert's own house in this [Holy Trinity] parish, anciently called Lanesels, and Tymperley's, or Tympernell's (Old Taxation), is the same as Serjeant Price, the late Recorder of this Borough, lived in, and now belongs to Thomas Clamtree, Esq. George Horseman and Frances, his wife, daughter and heir of Roger Tymperley, sold it in 1539 to Richard Weston, with a croft of an acre and a half, gardens, and three rentaries thereto adjoining, lying in Trinity and St. Mary's (Court Rolls, 31 Henry VIII, roll 14)." ARBITER.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE POSTS THAT CAUSED THE GREAT WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This photograph represents the former boundary of British and German New Guinea. The German possession is now administered by troops of the Commonwealth of Australia. The posts stand beyond high water mark on the shore of Mambare or Traitor's Bay in latitude (south) 8°, longitude 147° 58' 2", the tall one of hardwood on the British side and the short one of concrete on the side formerly held by Germany. The delineation of the boundary, regardless of the racial distribution of the native subjects, divided the Binandere tribe who inhabited the Gira River into two nations, those on



THE OLD BOUNDARY OF
GERMAN NEW GUINEA.

the river mouth becoming Germans and the others remaining British. As a great portion of the land and garden wealth of the British natives went to German subjects, the delineation was really the commencement of a number of international squabbles between the border races. To protect the interests of its people in the locality, the German Government appointed a village policeman on the Gira mouth, and that individual with his symbol of authority—a nickel-mounted baton—did much to provoke his fellow-tribesmen on the British side, who needed not his ever-watchful presence to remind them that their land and gardens had passed into German hands. The position was relieved by a touch of humour shortly before the outbreak of war, when one British chief, to protect the posts from the influence of the spring tides, moved them a few feet inland, and was accused by his German rival, who had appeared on the scene with his retainers, of acquiring a few inches of German territory. This grave breach of international law resulted in an altercation; courageous threats were exchanged, and in the battle of words each nation lost its dignity, the Britishers saying unclean things about the Germans and their white masters, and the Germans retorting in kind. Finally the German chief, in sheer need of words to continue the battle, stooped to replace the posts, and received on his nose a blow from his British rival that brought blood but not peace, for a few months later the whole world was aflame. To-day there walks in Traitor's Bay a certain British chief of the Binandere tribe who has his own opinion as to the cause of the great war, and but a short distance from his village are two posts a few inches on the wrong side of their original latitude and longitude, while still a little further away dwells one who shed drops of blood for an Empire that, like him, has fallen from high estate. Disturb not their dreams with "a scrap of paper."—E. W. PEARSON CHINNERY.

APPLE BLOSSOM RHYMES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is so much uncertainty about the apple trees cropping even when loaded with bloom, owing chiefly to frosts in May, that I may point out some of the sayings of country folk in relation to the time when apple trees may come into bloom. One well known in the Midlands runs:

"If apples bloom in March,
In vain for apples you'll sarch:
If apples bloom in April,
Why then they may be plentiful:
But if apples bloom in May,
You may eat 'em night and day."

This rhyme has several variants. Another, which relates to the apple's medicinal properties, runs:

"Eat an apple going to bed,
Makes the doctor beg his bread;
Eat an apple in the morning,
You may give the doctor warning."

—THOS. RATCLIFFE.

THE SONGS OF YESTERYEAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A correspondent quoted last week a song as to living on a pound a week. I have a copy of a much older song, called "The Contented Wife and her Satisfied Husband," in which the husband, whose wages are £1 1s. per week, desires to know how his wife manages to spend it all on household matters. She gives an explanation:

"Well now," says she, "If you must know, you shall with good intent.
Now first we pay half-a-crown every Monday morn for rent,
Three and sixpence for bread, and for butter, sugar and tea
Two and twopence I lay out as you may plainly see.
There is tenpence every week for coals and sixpence wood and coke,
Threepence needles, pins, and thread, and sixpence halfpenny soap,

Three and sixpence every week for meat, two shillings for potatoes and greens,

And then there's threepence halfpenny every week for milk and cream.

She goes through every item and concludes:

"There's just a single penny left of your one pound one,
So where does candles, matches, and such things come from?"

—A. S. D. H.

THE DARTFORD WARBLER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may be of interest to bird observers to hear that I located the Dartford Warbler in Dorsetshire last week. Authorities state that this bird is somewhat rare and very shy, but in this case the shyness was not apparent, and I observed him for about half an hour in a blackthorn bush making dashes for flies and chattering after the manner of the whitethroat. Referring to Mr. Vaughan's letter in your issue of May 3rd, I may say that I saw the pied flycatcher near Maentwrog, West Wales, last summer.—J. B. WATSON.

CARVINGS ON HEREFORDSHIRE CHURCHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—These curious carvings are on two Herefordshire churches—Stretton-Sugwas and Bredwardine. Perhaps you will think them good enough to insert in COUNTRY LIFE.—J. NIBLETT.

[We have referred this letter to Sir Martin Conway, who writes: "These two sculptures from Herefordshire churches are interesting examples of the local school of the twelfth century. The lunette at Stretton-Sugwas depicts Samson killing the lion. He is identified by his long hair. I do not remember another instance in which the hero is shown riding the beast. As a rule the lion is on its haunches. The roughly decorative quality of the work will be evident to all. The sculptured lintel at Bredwardine may be about the same date, but derives its geometric panels from another tradition, namely, that of wood carving. Patterns of this kind are found on ancient Norse carved objects, large and small, and they continued and still continue in use. We find them on modern tobacco boxes, paper-knives, and so forth. The same designs, too, were used by lead-casters and may be seen adorning Roman leaden coffins and Palestinian stone ossuaries."—ED.]



LUNETTE AT STRETTON SUGWAS.



LINTEL AT BREDWARDINE.

CO-OPERATIVE WORK ON THE LAND.

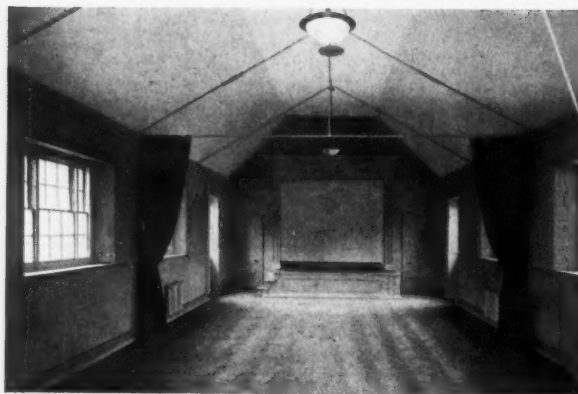
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letter on this subject, signed C. A. W., in your issue of May 3rd, opens up a large field of interest. Co-operative market gardening seems the only way by which people who were moderately comfortably off before the war, may now hope to stay in their own houses and gardens. To take a case, we live in our own house, set in an acre of good productive land. Before the war we could employ a gardener and do a good deal of hard work ourselves. The war has added four strenuous years to our lives, and our tiny income has now only half its former purchasing power. It should be possible, surely, to co-operate with two other people wanting good land, with a view to market gardening, who would share house and garden. Your columns give the exact medium required to bring people together, one set of whom have the land and the other the need of it and the strength to work it. A conference of women workers no doubt will organise the thing on a large scale. I think, however, there must be many who would prefer to work on a smaller scale, but who can never hear of each other.—A. G. E.

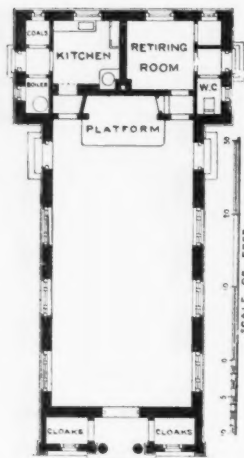
A GIFT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been much interested in the articles and letters on "Village Halls" which you have published recently, and, thinking that yet another example of a simple but very effective little building of this class may be worth illustrating, I send the accompanying two views and plan of the Parish Hall at Stoke Climsland. It was presented to the parish by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and is one among many evidences of good building carried



THE VILLAGE HALL AT STOKE CLIMSLAND.
(Richardson & Gill.)



PLAN.

out for the Duchy of Cornwall in recent years.—J. B.

A WEASEL IN A MOLE-TRAP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

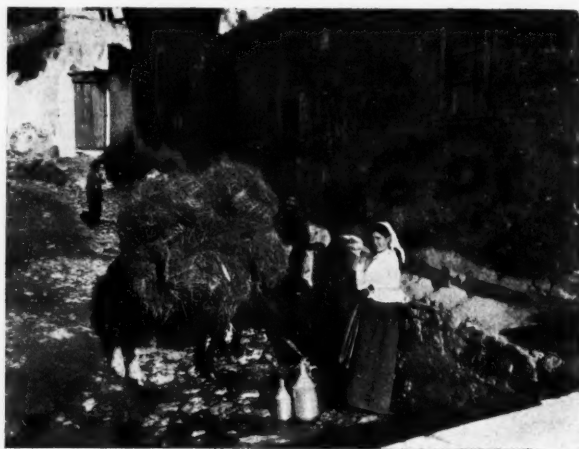
SIR,—It may perhaps interest your readers to learn that on April 24th and again on the 26th I caught a male weasel in a mole-trap set in a frequently used mole-run. I have trapped many moles, but have never had a similar experience. In "A History of British Mammals" Barrett-Hamilton says (under "The Common Mole," Part VII page 41), . . . "Weasels, and more rarely stoats, have been found or caught in the runs, and have been seen carrying dead moles, and sometimes they take possession of a fortress. But it does not appear to be proved that any of these animals makes a systematic practice of mole-catching, and in captivity, as Mr. Cocks informs me, they will only eat mole-meat

when exceptionally hungry." As known to Gilbert White, "Weasels prey on moles, as appears by their being sometimes caught in mole-traps."—Letter XI to Thomas Pennant, September 2nd, 1774.—W. R. OGILVIE-GRANT.

A VILLAGE SCENE NEAR SALONICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This photograph shows a little scene in the street of Kirech Keui, a village familiar to many who were at Salonica, and certainly to all those who were ever at the Officers' Convalescent Camp or who climbed up to the Hortiach plateau. The lady was just going to fill her pitcher at the village well and she looked so charming that we stopped the car to photograph her. We thereby probably annoyed somebody going the other way, for this



THE PITCHER GOES TO THE WELL.

street is so narrow that two cars cannot pass one another abreast and there had to be a control at either end of the village. Let us hope we did not keep a general waiting.—R.

A UNIQUE FOSTER MOTHER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While on board a small steamer on April 13th I had the good fortune to be introduced to two attractive members of the ship's company—an Irish terrier bitch and her foster-child, a month old cross-bred puppy. The story of these two "who go down to the sea in ships" should be interesting to readers of COUNTRY LIFE. The captain assured me that the Irish terrier, which is two years old, had never had a litter of her own. The puppy at a week old was brought on board by the steward who intended to try to rear it "on the bottle." The elder dog, however, after two days' aloofness, adopted the little waif and saved all further trouble. It seems, according to the skipper's story, that the infant puppy, by his persistent efforts to feed himself in the only way that Nature has decreed, had induced the milk supply which has been sufficient to nourish him up to now. However, there they are, and I have no reason to doubt the good faith of my informants; but in my experience—and I am an animal lover—such an instance is unique. Can one of your readers cite a similar case?—T. HARRISON STORM.

A LANDLORD'S PROBLEMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read your paper weekly with pleasure. I think your crusade for economy of expenditure is more than necessary. With reference to wages of gardeners, etc., and men returned, may I inflict on you a few figures to show how hard things are for those with fixed incomes? Of course, some people would reply: "Sell and go into a cottage." I live in a large house, too large, on perhaps the most beautiful site in Westmorland, and have fair-sized garden and grounds. I manage myself, and we all work in the grounds and gardens. There is property of about 700 acres with 200 acres woodlands. I also have a small property in Yorkshire, and, luckily, some personality. In 1914 in Westmorland I employed eleven men and a boy at wages from 31s., approximately, one 33s., to 21s. per week; boy from 10s. to 20s., according to age. These included keeper, coachman-chauffeur, woodmen, gardeners. Of course, all have increased, but numbers, perforce, came to five men and boy. The Corn Act (so called!) put a minimum wage of 25s. For Westmorland this is decreed 35s. I see to-day 6s. 6d. is to be added. One would think that with prices which should be declining this was unnecessary. It is not economical, and helps to cause the vicious circle of inflated prices. (Most of the men have excellent cottages, which were to be, and are, considered as 3s. per week and some of them have fuel at, say, 3s. to 4s.). How can one now take back those who have served except out of capital for a time? I have two back and one is coming. I offered them the 35s., counting the cottages, etc., as under their true value—3s. cottages, 3s., or so, fuel. Two are gardeners, not specially indispensable. I am just putting in a cottage range that will take three years' rent, and am putting four enlarged windows and two new ones into another cottage, which will take the equivalent of six years' rent. Perhaps you will forgive me for sending you these figures, but they may be of interest to your readers secondhand. The first duty of the Government is to bring down prices. They seem bent on the reverse. Coal and railways are to be worked at a loss, money is poured out on aviation, and no one for a moment seems to consider the income tax payer. It is surely wrong, too, to tax the existing houses in order to build new ones for their eventual extermination, much, as one knows, as they are wanted.—F. E. T. JONES-BALNE.



WE have no "Battle of the Styles" to-day. No longer are zealots to be found walking the earth breathing fire against those who are not of the Faith, who stand without the pale architectural. But, if tamer, we are not without our enthusiasms, and in the matter of the design and furnishing of our houses it would be easy to contrive a breezy discussion as to what is most appropriate to our own time and requirements. Quite obviously there is much to be said on all sides, but when we come to the question of dealing with an existing old house there can be no doubt that the right thing is to carry on the spirit of the original. Reconstructing old houses and adapting them to the requirements of to-day is not, however, an easy task. The "picturesqueness" of the original very likely covers much that is inconvenient to the needs of the present, and considerable knowledge and skill are necessary to deal satisfactorily with what has been smoothened by the hand of Time. Old features have to be conserved and new ones added in a way that makes harmony in the whole. Mr. E. W. Marshall had this always in mind when he undertook the reconstruction and alteration of some old houses standing in the midst of the little Surrey village of Cranleigh, near Guildford. The work was carried out for Mr. Edmund Davis, and at the time they came into his possession the houses were put to uses very different from those they fulfil to-day. The houses stand fairly near to one another and are now known as The Old Cottage, The Old Court, and Belwethers, the last having been reconstructed for Mr. Davis's own occupation. The centre house, The Old Court, is now being dealt with; illustrations of the others will appear later.

All three are to some extent interrelated, particularly as regards the very delightful gardens at the back, which have been formed with much skill under the direction of Mr. W. Thomas Young on what used to be merely paddock ground with a horse and cattle pond in the midst of it.

The houses date from the seventeenth century. The Old Cottage was probably a farmhouse, and what is now



THE FRONT BEFORE AND AFTER ALTERATION.





Copyright.

IN THE COURTYARD.

"C.L."



Copyright.

THE HALL AND ITS INGLE.

"C.L."



Copyright.

THE DINING-ROOM.

"C.L."

The Old Court was the stabling of the house. A photograph reproduced on the previous page shows the condition of The Old Court before Mr. Marshall started remodelling it, and a comparison between this and the views of the house after alteration makes plain the transformation that has been effected.

The old stabling comprised two short ranges of buildings facing one another across a paved yard, the right-hand side being occupied by the actual stable and harness-room with loft over, and the left-hand side providing a covered cart space and store. The stable was converted into a kitchen block and dining-room, extended southwards, and connected by a cross-building to form a small quadrangle, the cartshed being raised to two storeys and adapted chiefly to bedroom accommodation. The arrangement can be studied from the accompanying plan, where the old walling is indicated by hatching and the new work is shown solid. The enclosed court has a small fountain pool in the centre, with grass plot and paved walk around, and at one side is a very delightful little garden figure, seen against a semi-circular pergola.

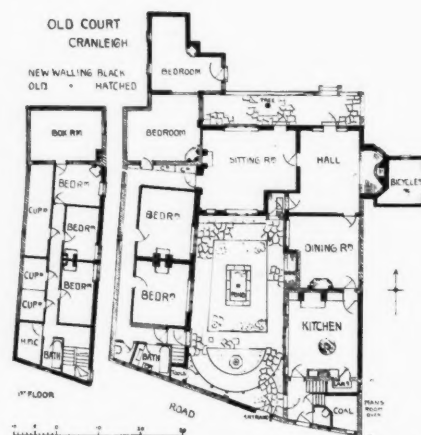
The chief features of the interior are the hall and the dining-room; in the latter is exposed the half-timbering which belongs to the original structure, with additions made up from old oak beams and flooring. Care has been taken to select furniture which is in keeping with the architectural setting.

There are four bedrooms on the ground floor and another three upstairs. These do not call for more than passing mention, but it may be noted that facing the passage that leads to the upstairs bedrooms a very admirable range of cupboards has been contrived, providing abundant hanging space for clothes.

The architect has been fortunate in having his work carried out by a firm of builders—Messrs. J. H. Holden and Co. of Cranleigh—who are thoroughly familiar with the local tradition, and not the least pleasant feature of what has been done by them are the iron door and window fastenings, wrought by their own smith in a very free and simple manner of craftsmanship. One cannot, unfortunately, say as much for the lighting fixtures, which, though they were installed with the idea of obtruding on the eye as little as possible, are by their insignificance very skimpy and unhappy.

The garden at the back of the house consists chiefly of a large croquet lawn, but also it enjoys the proximity of the other gardens about it. These latter will be considered in the next article, when dealing with the second of these three reconstructed houses.

The Old Court is in the occupation of Dr. Monier Williams. R. P.



GROUND FLOOR AND FIRST FLOOR PLANS

TURF, STUD AND STABLE

THE PANTHER'S CURE FOR STEFANITIS

I OWE an apology to The Panther, for I stand rebuked for having written in last week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE that I should have deserted him as my selection to win the Two Thousand Guineas had I been able to after hearing of his defeat in a trial. It disquieted me, and sapped my confidence that he could possibly be fit enough to win the first of the classic races. He won sure enough, and I have the credit thrust upon me of having selected this 10 to 1 winner. The disadvantages of having to write a long time ahead on races to come are obvious enough. They are certainly apparent to the writer. Here, however, was an instance of a positive advantage. I hope, therefore, that those of my readers who indulge in a quiet little speculation now and then had some cause for rejoicing.

It really was a very sensational Two Thousand Guineas. There was the case just referred to of The Panther. Had he not figured in that trial, and had not those ridiculously prejudiced "touts" at Newmarket spread their stories of his alleged decadence, Sir Alex Black's horse would have started a good favourite and his success would have been far more popular than was actually the case. Human nature being what it is the public could scarcely be expected to indulge in rhapsodies, as they would have done had they all backed the winner. For when his case seemed so hopeless they deserted him and divided their allegiance between Lord Basil, declared to be the better of Major Astor's pair, and Stefan the Great. Lord Basil had won a high trial at Manton, as the outcome of which it was not decided to run his stable companion Buchan until noon on the day of the race. Stefan the Great had won the Middle Park Plate as a two year old, and as his trainer was satisfied with his progress from two to three years of age it follows that the public quickly developed a sort of Stefanitis craze in his favour. You will agree, therefore, that the use of the word sensational as applied to the result of the race was fully justified with The Panther returned the winner, Buchan proving better than Lord Basil, and Stefan the Great being thoroughly well beaten.

What pleased me personally was The Panther, both in the race and in the Paddock. He is indeed a gentleman among thoroughbreds, and our National Stud may never turn out a better one, either as regards looks or performances. Then in the race, though obviously short of two or three winding-up gallops, he showed grand speed and pluck, and ran his race from end to end with marked determination. It was made apparent, too, that he really is a far better horse in a race when stimulated by all the excitements of the racecourse than in private on the exercise gallops. That being so, I shall be prepared between now and the Derby to hear and read of poor displays on his part at Newmarket. But I have learned my lesson and never again will those absurd "touts" induce me to depart from my better judgment. All going well with him I expect him to win the Derby, and I sincerely hope he may do so.

Depend upon it the failure of Lord Basil was not in "accordance with plan," and I venture to think that he will do much better in the Derby. The best of trainers make mistakes, but Alec Taylor could not have been so far wrong in arriving at the respective capabilities of this horse and Buchan. Thus I feel sure that Lord Basil is destined to be The Panther's most

formidable rival at Epsom. Stefan the Great's failure was frankly disappointing to all concerned, since it was recognised that it was due to lack of staying ability. How can he, therefore, win the Derby, which is half a mile longer than the Two Thousand Guineas distance? I was naturally interested to see Sir Walter Gilbey's Derby candidate, Paper Money, turn out against Lord Glanely's He for the March Stakes of a mile and a quarter; and at a difference of 20lb. in his favour the three year old failed to beat the older horse by half a length. That sort of form is not good enough to win the Derby, and though Sir Walter Gilbey professes to be satisfied, I am sure all sound and impartial judges cannot approve of Paper Money's failure.

The three year old fillies disclosed their form in the One Thousand Guineas, and Roseway won very easily indeed for Sir Edward Hulton. Without wishing or intending to disparage her, it was nevertheless made quite clear that the fillies are a very moderate lot this year. Certainly this is not a Sceptre, Pretty Polly or even a Finifella year. They were better than the colts, whereas in 1919 the colts must be well ahead of the fillies. Roseway is a nicely grown mare, built on true racing lines, and is a daughter of Stornoway and Rose of Ayrshire. The former was sired by Desmond and bought by the then Mr. Hulton as a yearling. For him he won several good races as a two year

old, including the Gimcrack Stakes. He was, however, trounced in the true Tetrarchian way when he tumbled across the famous grey horse for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. After this Stornoway went wrong in the wind, but his owner thought so much of him that he sent him to his own stud near Newmarket, and now, early in his career, he has got a classic winner as well as Saffian, who may be the smartest two year old filly so far seen out this season. Rose of Ayrshire is a very choicely bred mare, and previously she has produced winners in Eastern Rose, Rosmarin and Sonning.



W. A. Rouch.

THE PANTHER - R. COOPER UP.

Copyright.

At the end of last week the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park was won by Carados, by Glasgerion from Caspia. Two years ago he was the best two year old in Ireland, since when he has belonged to Mr. W. H. Savill and has been trained by Sam Pickering at Newmarket. The wagering did not suggest a victory for him; indeed, all that happened before the race pointed unmistakably to Lord D'Abernon's fine mare, Diadem. This mare has done great things in her time, but last Saturday's race seemed to point to the fact that she has lost some of her brilliance, though her trainer, the Hon. George Lambton, was full of confidence that she would win. To-day the Jubilee Handicap, originally fixed for Kempton Park, will be decided at Hurst Park, and I confidently look forward to seeing our good friend, Royal Bucks, winning again. He is, indeed, an extraordinary horse, but these big handicaps are easier to win this year than they ever were before or ever will be again. That is the chief reason why Royal Bucks looks very likely to create a wonderful record by adding the "Jubilee" to the "City and Suburban" and Lincolnshire Handicap, all won in the same year by the same horse! In the week following we shall be at Newmarket again, and I expect to see The Panther win the Newmarket Stakes or the Payne Stakes. It has not been decided at the time of writing which race he will go for. I may add that Sir Robert Jardine thinks he has got a really good two year old. It is to make a *début* next week, so be on the look out for it.

PHILLIPPOS.

THE OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

OUR ANNUAL O.T.C. RIFLE SHOOTING COMPETITIONS

IMMENSE as the influence of mechanical devices may be, they cannot by themselves decide a campaign. Their true rôle is that of assisting the infantryman, which they have done in a most admirable manner. They cannot replace him. *Only by the rifle and bayonet of the infantryman can the decisive victory be won.* With these words Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, K.T., closes "The Value of Mechanical Contrivances" in his historic despatch of March 21st, 1919.

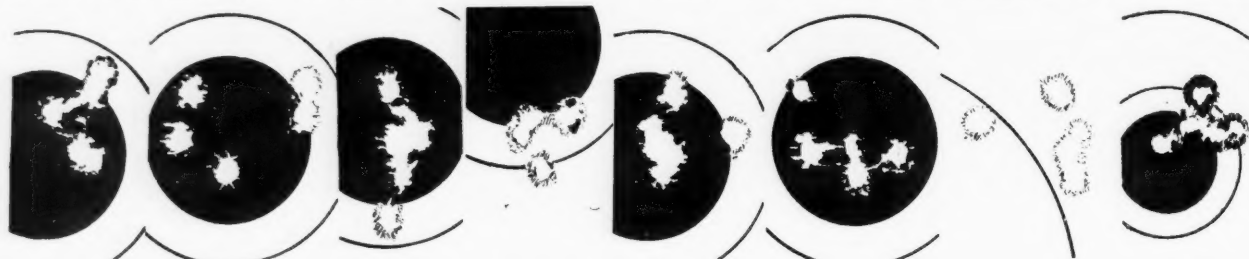
Small bore rifle shooting is the necessary groundwork for accurate shooting with the Service rifle, and rightly occupies a prominent position in the training of cadets of the Officers Training Corps at our Public Schools. Our annual competitions for contingents of the O.T.C. comprise tests of *Steadiness*, as in the grouping practice, where each firer has five shots at a bull's-eye target with no limit of time; *Quickness*, as in the rapid, where ten shots are fired at a figure target in sixty seconds, each round being loaded separately; *Alertness*, as in the snap-shooting practice, when a small figure target is exposed five times for three seconds, with a three seconds interval between each exposure.

The final test is on a coloured landscape target, and so combines the qualities of both leadership and marksmanship. Miniature reproductions of large landscape targets, measuring about 5ft. by 2ft., are given on the next page. The objects to be fired at on the landscape are disclosed to the leader of a team of six by pinholes on the miniature, which are clearly seen when held up to the light. In this year's competition three objects were selected, and within the space of five or six minutes, as the case may be, the leader had to direct the fire

of his team in pairs, by word of mouth only, on the objects selected.

Each firer has three rounds of ammunition. There is no time for hesitation on the part of the leader or the firers. The leader's method of describing the objects to be fired at must be clear and concise; the firers must be thoroughly familiar with the method. They must also be quick in picking up objects over the sights of the rifle—the rest is a matter of straight shooting. The cadet of the O.T.C. is the officer of the future, and therein lies the chief value of the landscape target practice.

The competitions were fired between March 22nd and 29th, and the weather conditions were not favourable for outdoor ranges. It will be noticed that contingents having less than three platoons of infantry (Junior Competition) were given a different landscape target to those having three platoons or more (Senior Competition), and the snap-shooting practice was also omitted from the former. Next year we propose to include snap shooting in both competitions. The time for the firing of the rapid and landscape target varied also in each case. Contingents with three platoons—rapid, 60secs.; landscape, 5mins. Contingents with less than three platoons—rapid, 80secs.; landscape, 6mins. Winchester are the winners of the Public Schools' O.T.C. Trophy (Senior Competition) with a total of 547; Charterhouse second with 531; and Radley third with 530. Wellington College (Berks) made the highest score in the landscape—156—Gresham's School, Holt, being second with 129, and Harrow third with 128. Lancing and Felsted tied in the grouping with 85 points each, Malvern being second with 80. In the rapid, Charterhouse made top score with 240, Radley second with 234 and Winchester third with 228. Again



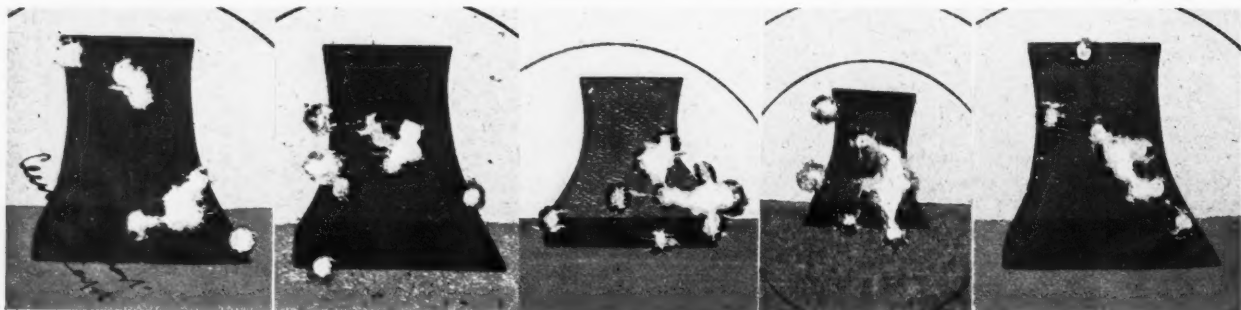
Giggleswick. Sgt. Worswick. Winchester. Cpl. Hammay. Winchester. Cpl. J. R. Thring. Charterhouse. Sgt. R. J. Worssam. Radley. Dr. C. E. R. Mellor. Charterhouse. Pte. G. E. Worssam. Winchester. Pte. J. M. Stephens. All Hallows. Cdt. G. G. Elwell. (15yds.)

FIVE SHOTS IN ONE INCH GROUPS.



Charterhouse. Sergt. R. J. Worssam. Gresham's. L.-Cpl. Spurrell. Felsted. Pte. Cambridge. Cheltenham. Pte. R. O. Millett. Bradfield. F. W. Catchpole. Clifton. E. W. Thomas. St. Paul's. W. G. F. Lightfoot.

SNAP-SHOOTING TARGETS. SEVEN OF THE BEST.



Cranleigh School. Cdt.-Sergt. H. P. Stevens. (30 points.) King's School. Private Walker. (30 points.) King William's College. Lance-Cpl. J. Latimer. (20yds., 28 points.) L.-Cpl. V. D. W. Davies. All Hallows. (15yds., 30 points.) Charterhouse. Pte. G. E. Worssam. (30 points.)

RAPID FIRING TARGETS: HIGHEST POSSIBLE SCORE 30 POINTS

in the snap shooting Radley led with 142, Winchester was second with 127, and Cheltenham third with 125. The following individual competitors made possibles (30) in the rapid shooting: G. E. Worssam, Charterhouse; Cadet Stevens, Cranleigh, 29 points; W. W. G. Coulson, Malvern, 28 points; Corporal Hannay, Winchester; J. F. Park and H. G. C. Malaby, Radley; V. H. Massfield, Charterhouse; Lance-Corporal Palmer, Wellington (Berks); Corporal Murray, Stonyhurst College; C. Clarkson, Lancing; G. Scarth, Sedbergh; J. Leese, Ampleforth; Lance-Corporal Ling, Cranleigh; F. E. M. Collins, Merchant Taylors; Company-Sergeant-Major Hipkins, Emanuel; Cadet Southworth, Uppingham.

In the snap shooting the highest possible was 20 points, which included 5 points extra for the five shots being within a rin. group. Possibles were scored by Sergeant Black and Private Cook, Winchester; H. G. C. Mallaby and C. E. R. Mellor, Radley; R. J. Worsam, Charterhouse; Cadet Lightfoot, St. Paul's; R. M. Currie, Malvern; Private Jobb, Shrewsbury; P. J. King, Ampleforth; E. W. Thomas, Clifton; R. O. Millet, Cheltenham; J. C. W. Wood and Corporal Hobday, Denstone College; Corporal Taylor and Private Cambridge, Felsted; F. W. Catchpole and A. O. Gilverstone, Bradfield College; Sergeant Stiff, Christ's Hospital; Cadet O'Donnell, Aldenham. Out of a possible 60 points in the

Sergeant Hardman and Lance-Corporal Turner, Giggleswick; G. G. Elwell, All Hallows; A. P. Burgan, Nottingham High School; Cadet Goddard, Lance-Corporal Mallanah and Sergeant Parminter, West Buckland School; C. H. Leach, Manchester Grammar School; Lance-Corporal Latimer, King William's College; Lance-Corporal Berry, Oratory School; G. A. B. Gillespie, Wellington College (Salop); G. E. Watts, Exeter; Private Gollop and Sergeant Synge, King's School, Bruton.

Out of a possible 40 in the grouping and rapids V. D. Davies, All Hallows, and Private Walker, King's School, Bruton, each scored 40. C. A. Pain, All Hallows; Lance-Corporal Merckel, Giggleswick; and J. H. Manson, Manchester Grammar School, each 39; and the following 38 points each: Corporal Cobb and Private Hanson, St. Lawrence College; Sergeant Worswick and Lance-Corporal Turner, Giggleswick; G. G. Elwell, All Hallows; Cadet Goddard, West Buckland; C. W. Leach, Manchester Grammar School.

Worn rifles and indifferent ammunition are no doubt largely responsible for the lower average of scores this year. This is clearly shown in the grouping targets, the average in the Senior Competition being 67 out of 100, and in the Junior, 63. Small bore rifles are practically unobtainable at the present time, and we hope that manufacturers will hasten production.

We are indebted to Mr. F. Carter of the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs for his kind assistance in scoring this year's targets. Totals of scores will be forwarded to Commanding Officers at an early date.

"COUNTRY LIFE" PUBLIC SCHOOLS O.T.C. TROPHY.

Winners: Winchester College. Grouping, 75; rapid, 228; snap shooting, 127; landscape, 117. Total, 547.

Second: Charterhouse School. Grouping, 79; rapid, 240; snap shooting, 110; landscape, 102. Total, 531.

Third: Radley College, Berks. Grouping, 75; rapid, 234; snap shooting, 142; landscape, 79. Total, 530.

Gresham's School, Holt; Wellington College, Berks; Stonyhurst College; St. Paul's School, Kensington; King Edward's School, Birmingham; Marlborough College, Wilts; Malvern College; Lancing College; Dulwich College; Harrow School; Sedbergh School; Shrewsbury School; Ampleforth College; Cranleigh School; Clifton College, Bristol; Epsom College; Merchant Taylors' School; Cheltenham College; Denstone College; Emanuel School, Wandsworth; Felsted School; Bradfield College; Christ's Hospital, Horsham; Aldenham School; Uppingham School; Berkhamsted School.

"COUNTRY LIFE" OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS TROPHY.

Winners: St. Lawrence

College, Ramsgate. Grouping, 95; rapid, 263; landscape, 156. Total, 514.

Second: King Edward's School, Bath. Grouping, 90; rapid, 229; landscape, 169. Total, 488.

Third: Giggleswick School. Grouping, 80; rapid, 263; landscape, 144. Total, 487.

All Hallows School, Honiton; Forest School, Walthamstow; Nottingham High School; Reading School; West Buckland School; Manchester Grammar School; King William's College, Isle of Man; Oratory School, Birmingham; Grimsby College; Liverpool College; Wellington School, Somerset; Solihull Grammar School; Exeter School; King's School, Bruton; Wellington College, Salop; Louth School, Lincs; Leys School, Cambridge; Edinburgh Academy; Liverpool Institute, Skinner's School, Tunbridge Wells; Bridlington Grammar School; Taunton School; St. Edward's School, Oxford; King Alfred's School, Wantage.

Thus ends another, as we may hope, successful competition. It has doubtless entailed a good deal of trouble on the officers of the various Corps. But we will not express our gratitude to them because we feel sure that for them virtue is its own reward and that they always throw themselves gladly into any work that makes for keenness among the cadets and helps to teach them that use of the rifle which makes the British infantry soldier.



COLOURED LANDSCAPE TARGET; SENIOR COMPETITION.

(Wellington College made highest score.)



COLOURED LANDSCAPE TARGET; JUNIOR COMPETITION.

(Forest School made highest score.)

grouping, rapid and snap shooting, G. E. Worssam, Charterhouse, scored 55; C. E. R. Mellor, Radley, 54; and R. G. C. Mallaby, Radley, 53.

St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate, are the winners of our Officers Training Corps Trophy (Junior Competition), with a total of 514; King Edward's School, Bath, second with 488; and Giggleswick third with 487. Forest School made the highest landscape target score—185—King Edward's School, Bath, being second with 169, and St. Lawrence College third with 156. In the grouping test Manchester Grammar School must be congratulated on making a possible—100 points—all the firers scoring .rin. groups, each of five shots. St. Lawrence College is second with 95; King Edward's School, Bath, and All Hallows School each 90. St. Lawrence College and Giggleswick each scored 263 in the rapid, Exeter School being second with 247, and Leys School third with 246.

The following possibles—30 points—were made by individual competitors in the rapid: V. D. Davies, All Hallows, and Private Walker, King's School, Bruton. 29 points: C. A. Pain, All Hallows; Cadet Carter, Reading; J. H. Mawson, Manchester Grammar School; Cadet Calder, Leys School; Corporal Brown, Liverpool Institute; Lance-Corporal Jones, Bridlington; Lance-Corporal Merckel and Private Marshall, Giggleswick. 28 points: Corporal Cobb and Private Hanson, St. Lawrence; Sergeant Bath, King Edward's School, Bath;

NEW YORK'S ARCH OF VICTORY

FOR some reason or other our own proposals in the way of street decorations are being wrapped in mystery; they are to burst upon an astonished public at the time appointed by the Secret Brotherhood of Pageant Makers who will contrive them for our delectation. Meanwhile comes visible proof that America is, in yet another matter, well ahead. New York has been "getting a hustle on" with its preparations for the celebration of Peace, and the chief of all the features is already in being, to wit, the great Arch of Victory. This has arisen in Union Square. It will form a monumental gateway to New York's finest thoroughfare—Fifth Avenue—and under it will pass the victoriously returning troops of America. It is all of plaster, of colossal size, 125ft. in width and roof, in height, and though the skyscrapers reach far above it, the Arch holds its own against them by its big proportions and apparent solidity. One of the best known architects in the United States, Mr. Thomas Hastings, designed its structure, and four-and-twenty sculptors have collaborated in producing the figures, bas-reliefs and other enrichments which have been so lavishly applied to it.

genesis to Imperial Rome. The beautiful Washington Arch, again by McKim, and the monumental arch which was set up in New York in honour of Admiral Dewey after the Spanish-American War drew from the same source, and this latest Arch of Victory does likewise. It is a modern version of the Arch of Constantine; but whereas this, like all Roman works of the kind, was intended to glorify military power and to display the servitude of the races whom Rome had conquered, the new Arch now before us has been erected, as the inscription on its main attic reads, "to commemorate the home-coming of the victorious army and navy of these United States of America, and in memory of those who have made the supreme sacrifice for the triumph of the free peoples of the world and for the promise of an enduring peace."

Of the sculptures which decorate it may be noted especially the bas-reliefs, 16ft. long and 7ft. high, depicting The Battle of Ypres, for the British Empire; The Marne, for France; Chateau-Thierry, for America; and The Piave, for Italy; the figures of Peace and Justice, Power and Wisdom, by Herbert Adams and Daniel French respectively, on the main columns



THE TEMPORARY ARCH OF VICTORY ERECTED IN NEW YORK.

The scale of the whole conception is worthy of the classical standard which modern American architecture has achieved, and once again the monumental work of Ancient Rome has provided the inspiration. American architects still worship at that shrine, seen through the medium of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and their public buildings stand as mighty proof of the excellence of their choice. Whatever may be said about the idea of translating the achievements of the ancients into works of our own time, the civic buildings of the United States compel admiration by their grandeur, their noble scale and their refinement. McKim's architectural alchemy transmuted the Baths of Caracalla into the Pennsylvania Railroad terminus, and made a new thing which stirs the imagination and impresses the beholder. The standard of McKim was the classical standard, and the spirit of McKim's work has permeated the whole body of architecture on the other side of the Atlantic. Modern American architects, in their great buildings, have ever remained true to the classical conception, and even in their exhibition work, first at the World's Fair in Chicago and most recently in the Pan-American Exposition at San Francisco, they have carried on the torch. There were great monumental arches at the latter exhibition, one to the Rising Sun, another to the Setting Sun, both bigger even than the Arc de Triomphe at Paris, and, like Chalgrin's sublime work, they owed their

on either side of the Arch; and the sejugis, modelled by Paul W. Bartlett with the two brothers Piccirilli, that forms the crowning feature—a chariot of six horses with a figure holding a great flag, typifying The Triumph of Democracy. Other sculptures commemorate the Air Service, the Red Cross, the Y.M.C.A. and the Salvation Army, and there are bas-reliefs illustrating the work of the shipbuilders and the munition makers.

This Arch of Victory is to be the terminal feature at the end of Fifth Avenue, which, with countless pylons gaily decorated, will become an Avenue of Victory.

Paul Chalfin, who has been responsible for the decorations along the line of route, has carried on the theme of the Arch itself, and has not hesitated to realise in plaster some of the visions of Piranesi. "The Arch brought back the smell of these splendid old books and the touch of their fine paper." These, then, were the elements of his inspiration—Piranesi, Trajan and his race, the late autumn sunlight of the Roman peace, with its imperial splendour, its purple, its consequence, and finally the thought of America's own men, singularly returned with the little Roman touch upon their helmets of steel, and a Roman suggestion in their antiquated but most modern arms, their engines of war, their projectiles from the hand, their gas, their armoured tanks: "these curiously

revived barbarisms so easy to draw together in a panoply of arms."

It has all been done on a big scale. That is a good habit of the Americans in the matter of architectural display. As much as £8,000 was spent on the Dewey Arch, and without a doubt the cost of this greater one with its appendages will run to a far higher figure. And the result is worth the expenditure. One wonders what our own Peace decorations in London will be in comparison with New York's, or with those of Paris. In a few weeks we shall be able to see for ourselves. We can hope for the best, but be prepared for the worst. Surely, if we could find money enough to spend at the rate of millions a day on the carrying on of the war, we ought not to be niggardly in our celebration of the victorious end of the great struggle. Yet the memory of past achievements in this matter of public decorations lies heavy on the soul. The writer fears again to see those builders' scaffold poles disguised as "Venetian masts." He cannot forget those gewgaw arches of "Welcome."

The Arch of Victory in New York will have its critics, who may point the finger of purism at the camouflaged copy of what is not Rome's best work in the matter of



LOOKING THROUGH THE ARCH DOWN FIFTH AVENUE.

triumphal arches. But the thing stands there at the end of Fifth Avenue, a wonderfully impressive creation. It is a big thing well done.

UBIQUE.

PERCHERON HORSES FROM FRANCE

A MEMORABLE sale took place on Saturday at Knepp Castle in Sussex, and one that may well mark an epoch in horse-breeding in Great Britain. Though the large company present included many who think highly of our own heavy breeds, it would not have been without value if many more could have seen the fine specimens of horse-flesh paraded. Another similar collection is not likely to be brought together for some time, and lovers of our home breeds would not only have seen that the active French horse has strong merits, but would have heard the emphatic pronouncement of the Vice-President of the British Percheron Society that there is not the remotest wish on the part of members of that society to supersede or outrival our own Shires and Suffolks. The sale was of thirty-one pure-bred Percheron stallions and mares from France. They had been approved for export by the French Government, only as the result of much pressure, the concession being made direct to the British Percheron Horse Society, of which Mr. A. W. Hewett, 17, Pall Mall East, is now the sole honorary secretary.

The plan on which they were made available for distribution among members of the British society was as follows. They were asked, in the first place, to subscribe to a guarantee fund, out of which the animals were to be bought in France. Each subscriber was then to be eligible to bid for any animal or animals he liked at a closed auction. If he did not buy, no liability was incurred. Any loss on the sales would have to be made good out of the fund, but, similarly, any profit above the actual cost price would be available for distribution, thereby reducing the cost at auction. Thus this sale was unique, and most certainly so in the sense that it was associated with the first organised import from France of these fine draught horses. Two recognised judges in Mr. Henry Overman and Captain T. L. Wickham Boynton were deputed to go to France and make the selection and purchases. In all, they secured three stallions and twenty-eight mares. With little delay they were brought to England and, by the kindness of Sir Merrik Burrell, assembled at Knepp Stud, where the auction, ably conducted by Mr. Hewett, took place.

The results were truly astonishing, as will be gathered from the fact that the thirty-one horses fetched a total of £21,561 15s., an average per horse of £695 10s. They had cost, in France,

plus incidental expenses, including transport and insurance, something between £9,000 and £10,000. The big margin, therefore, shows two things: (1) the keenness among the guarantors to obtain these horses; and (2) the return which will follow to them on the amounts they guaranteed. Needless to say the experiment gave tremendous satisfaction, and especially did it prove once again the big strides made by the Percheron in popularity in this country.

The twenty-eight mares made £18,884 and the three stallions £2,677 10s. The respective averages were £674 8s. and £892 10s. The stallions would have made more, but one of them had met with an accident on the rail journey to Havre, though there are good hopes that he will completely recover.

Now for a few individual prices. Lord Stalbridge has the distinction of paying the highest price—no less than 2,200 guineas for a grey four year old mare named Pigeonette, which can be described as being "perfectly proportioned, deep, powerful and standing on the best of short legs, compact, and a fine mover." Three other mares made four figures. Thus Colonel Ulric Thynne, C.M.G., D.S.O., who was a prominent buyer, went to 1,350 guineas for a grey three year old named Quille; Major Ackers paid 1,050 guineas for the grey four year old Persique; and Sir Merrik Burrell was the bidder at 1,150 guineas for a four year old grey named Potence, which some judges preferred to Quille. They were all grand movers and essentially of the right type. Bidders for the earlier lots, secured before other guarantors woke up, were the most fortunate. The highest priced stallion was the three year old grey Quapulet. Colonel Thynne paid 1,600 guineas for him. Altogether it was a history-making sale, so far as this breed in England is concerned. Considerable credit is due to Sir Merrik Burrell and his stud groom for the condition in which the animals were brought into the ring. With less than eight days to prepare them, when they were ragged and poor after a lengthy and troublesome journey, the condition in which they were shown is tribute both to fine horsemastership and, what is of greater consideration, to the good constitution of the Percheron which enables him to recover quickly. But is not this one of the qualities which gave him so much favour with our military authorities?

AT SCAPA WITH THE HUNS

THE ultimate fate of the German fleet that is now interned in Scapa Flow does not seem to matter so very much when you get up to that far northern anchorage and see the dreary spectacle of the idle, anchored, rusting ships which once flew the German ensign. A trip to sea with a naval officer friend last week landed me in the end at Scapa, where his squadron was due to relieve another that had been for seven weeks on guard, and so I had a fresh view of the former enemy ships, the first since that day when they steamed into the Firth of Forth between the two lines of the Grand Fleet to surrender and haul down their flag at sunset. Then they did not make an unimposing spectacle at a distance: the symptoms of rot were personal rather than material.

Things are very different now. I spent one morning inspecting the vessels at close quarters, without actually going on board, which is only allowed to a certain limited number of senior naval officers whose duties require them occasionally to visit the interned ships. No one else may go on board on any pretext. My inspection, however, was made from a small boat sailing up and down the lines close hauled under the Scapa squalls, and it was soon obvious that unless the disposal of the ships is taken in hand soon they will be useless to anyone. It is already generally accepted in the British Navy that they are useless to us in any case, because their design and fittings do not correspond to ours; but the French and Italian Governments are prepared to put up with such inconveniences as guns of outsize, engine room fittings that need special plant to replace, and other minor trials, if they can get some ready-built ships. They ought to decide soon which they want, otherwise they may find only disintegrating hulks of rusty metal.

Nothing in the world looks so mournful as a laid-up ship. I remember a pathetic moment after the great naval review of 1914, when all the active service ships gathered in Spithead had steamed massively away to sea for exercises. I was returning in a destroyer to Portsmouth from the Nab Light, when we came across one solitary, unwanted battleship lying still at anchor. It was the old *Revenge*, waiting then for some shipbreaker to tow her away from her last anchorage off the Isle of Wight and break her up. She had not been there long, but she was already in a dilapidated condition. Fate had a kindly stroke in store for her, as it happened, for she returned to the fighting line when war began as a sort of experimental gunnery ship off the Belgian coast, under the name *Redoubtable*, and was several times mentioned in despatches. That one ship lying abandoned there was a pathetic figure. How much more saddening the sight of the entire German High Seas Fleet after six months' internment!

The British guard ships lie on one side of the anchorage and the Germans about three miles away on the further side, some of the battleships concealed behind a small island, most of the destroyers out of sight up a creek. The bigger vessels are anchored in lines about two cables apart, the light cruisers at the eastern end of the lines, then the battleships, and then the battle-cruisers. The destroyers are double banked, moored in pairs, one pair being inhabited by a German care and maintenance party, the next pair deserted. As I passed through the lines I saw a few of the marooned German seamen, listless, idle figures leaning against the rails, watching our passage without a gleam of interest. They are absolutely confined to their ships, except for occasional visits to the empty destroyers just to see that they are not leaking or falling into too bad a state. None of them are allowed to land at all, and no communication of any sort is held with the guard ships. A couple of British destroyers are moored at either end of these lines, with steam up ready for emergencies, but the crews kept in the German ships are too small to make possible any real attempt to escape.

A further precaution, however, is the constant moving patrol round the entire fleet by sentry trawlers. These are officered and manned by volunteers from the big ships in our squadron stationed up there. Mr. Daniels commented humorously on these midge guardians of a once great fighting force after his visit to Scapa, and there is something quaintly contemptuous in the arrangement. There are three trawlers told off for the work, and their rotation of duty is one day on patrol, one day off, and one day stand by, ready for service at once if required. Each trawler is commanded by a junior officer from one of the battleships, and manned by a volunteer crew of seamen and engine-room hands. In decent weather the work is by no means unpleasant, but decent weather at Scapa is the exception rather than the rule, and all engaged on this patrol earn the extra pay in the shape of "hard-lying money" which is allowed. One young officer who had just done seven weeks of it described it to me as "a pirate existence," and except for the lack of bloodshed and loot the description is not unfair. Everyone on board wears his oldest clothes, and collars are not considered the correct thing. Food during the day on patrol, at any rate, has to be prepared by the skill of any hand who is told off for the duty ("I stick to fried sausages; you can't go far wrong with them," said one of the pirates), and meagre though the sleeping accommodation is in even the biggest battleships, it is palatial

compared to the room available in a trawler. But I do not think there will be any lack of volunteers for the work. The naval man is always ready for something that is a bit outside the ordinary routine. He prefers it with a spice of adventure, but if that is not to be had he will make his own, and in guarding the Hun Fleet there is always the outside chance that a party of Fritzes may go Berserk and try to take their ship to sea.

One thing that has to be guarded against, and it is a possibility that grows more insistent as the time for a decision about the fate of the ships comes nearer, is that of an attempt on the part of the care and maintenance parties to scuttle the ships. It is obvious from the tone of the German papers that even now the German naval men expect that their ships will be returned to them when peace has been signed. It was only the other day that one paper devoted attention to the problem of changing the names of the ships now interned at Scapa "when they are returned to us." There will be a rude awakening from that dream one day soon, and on that day the task of the guardians of the imprisoned fleet will be a trying one. It is not difficult to arrange for the flooding of a man of war, and the small German crews kept on board, each a Scapa prisoner, can easily escape in their own boats before the vessel settles down.

This matter has not escaped the attention of our responsible authorities, but there is no sense in burking the fact that the position is one that will be extremely difficult to handle if the need arises, and those who want the German warships for their own fleets will do well to bear that fact in mind. [H. C. FERRABY.]

CARP WATERS

TO the whole of the country side it was known as the "dirty pond," and there certainly was a dirty appearance about the place. One came upon it suddenly out of a wood—at least, that was the usual method of approach, and by far the most dramatic. In the winter the colour of the water went through a complete change and became comparatively clear; but every spring, with the advent of the warm weather, it again took upon itself that pea-soup appearance. Hence the name. Had anyone known more about it he might have found a better name; but very few came near, and if they did, it was only to get away again as soon as possible. In truth the whole place wore a mysterious and rather prehistoric air; one felt that a dinosaurian monster might at any minute break apart the tall rushes that grew along one side and plunge his long neck into the murky waters.

Lying quietly ambushed in the reeds, at first it would appear to the casual observer that, barring the activities of sun-dry coots and moorhens, here was a world as yet without life. Presently, however, quite near there would be a slight disturbance on the surface of the water, and the tail of a five-pound carp would be seen waving slowly just above the top as he burrowed his nose in the mud searching for the minute animal and vegetable life which flourishes there. Suddenly, from near a straggling patch of weeds towards deeper water, there is a terrific splash, and a smaller fish, perhaps some three pounds in weight, will have thrown himself clear of the water by fully twelve inches, his burnished sides glowing like brass in the rays of the setting sun. Crash! he comes down full length, and flat on the water, hesitates a few seconds to regain his breath, and then up again towards the daylight, and the same performance is repeated a few feet further on, perhaps twice more. As at a given signal, the whole pond becomes alive with rising fish, and it requires a very slight stretching of the observer's imagination to picture huge giants hurling pieces of rock from behind the wood. Here a small fish, there a large one, all varying in colour. Some fresh from the long winter's sleep, almost white and looking as if they had just finished yawning, and scraping the mud out of their eyes.

The rise stops as suddenly as it began, and the wavelets disappear into the reeds with a soft lapping sound; all is still again. A small three inch fish gives a little spring, and then hides his blushing head from a Teutonic patriarch nearby, ashamed of such an undisciplined action. Only our old friend the five-pounder still waves his tail slowly in the pursuit of delicacies. In an instant his activities also cease, and a thick cloud of mud surges up as he makes his way leisurely towards deep water.

A deadly silence hangs over our pond. The moorhens give a few frightened screeches and scuttle for cover. Why? The observer strains his ears, but he can hear nothing. In a few moments, however, he sees a man coming down the green path in the opposite plantation, fully five hundred yards away. All the while he has been by the pond the cows in the adjoining meadow have been stamping, and munching their fill. The fish paid no attention to them, but they detected the new danger long before our keen-eared observer.

In another ten minutes, when all is still again, the carp will return to their mud-wallowing and their spasmodic rising. No wonder they have a bad name with anglers, especially the variety which can never be still. The old water fox knows them and goes on his way rejoicing, though the bottom of the pond be thick with ground bait and the rod points rise to heaven like a row of telegraph poles.

MAYNARD GREVILLE.